







# CONSTANTINOPLE

AND ITS ENVIRONS.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS,

EXHIBITING

THE ACTUAL STATE OF THE MANNERS, CUSTOMS, AND HABITS OF  
THE TURKS, ARMENIANS, JEWS, AND GREEKS, AS MODIFIED  
BY THE POLICY OF SULTAN MAHMOUD.

BY AN AMERICAN,

LONG RESIDENT AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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## PREFACE OF THE EDITOR.

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THE following letters were written by an American to his friend in this city, originally without any design of publication. The person to whom they were addressed, conceiving, however, that they possessed sufficient interest and attraction to render them agreeable to the public, solicited and obtained permission for that purpose; and it will remain with the reader to decide whether his request was ill judged.

It may be proper to state, that the writer of these letters, as will appear from intrinsic evidence, has not only had the advantage of a residence of several years in Constantinople and its environs, but, in addition to this, occupied a station which gave him opportunities of social intercourse and minute observation rarely presented to Christian travellers in Turkey. These opportunities, it will appear, have been well used; and the editor is greatly mistaken if the reader does not perceive at once, that whatever is described is drawn, not from books, but from actual observation and prac-

tical experience. The author frankly gives us his immediate impressions, without aiming at any thing but communicating them directly to the reader.

The great interest and value of these letters consist in their presenting a picture of Constantinople, its environs, and of the present state of the Ottoman government. Until the accession of Sultan Mahmoud, the only revolutions of Turkey were those of the seraglio. One sultan was strangled, another elevated in his stead, and there the matter ended. The policy of the government remained unaltered, and the people neither cared for nor felt the consequences of the change. But Sultan Mahmoud is no common man. He began his reign with a determination, if possible, gradually to break down that stern inflexible system, both social and political, which allowed of no change; which was calculated and intended to resist all the improvements of time, as well as all advances in the state of human intellect, and to approximate his empire to those by which it was surrounded. He began by the total destruction of the Janizaries, who, like the Pretorian guards of Rome, had long been the absolute disposers of the imperial diadem; an act that, for the energy and courage necessary for its consummation, is paralleled by no other in history except the affair of Peter the Great and the Strelitzes. This act at once made the Ottoman sceptre independent of the brutal caprices of this pampered body of petty tyrants, and enabled Sultan Mahmoud to follow

up his great system for resuscitating the empire of Mahomet. But the insurrection of Greece arrested for a while his successful exertions. At the moment when, by the destruction of the Janizaries, the empire was deprived of its accustomed defenders, and before the sultan had time to organize a new army on the principles of modern European tactics, Russia, taking advantage, not only of these circumstances, but of that extraordinary act of policy which astonished all Europe and America, and will without doubt excite the wonder of posterity—we allude to the destruction of the Turkish fleet at Navarino—invaded the Ottoman empire. The affair of Navarino had prepared the way for success, by enabling Russia to command the Black Sea; and the Russian invasion was consummated by the treaty of Adrianople.

Since that time Sultan Mahmoud has proceeded in his reforms as rapidly as Turkish indolence, Turkish pride, and Turkish superstition will permit. He has achieved one of the most difficult of all triumphs, that of abolishing the turban among his troops, and approximating their uniform, their arms, and their military discipline to the standard of European models. He has introduced, or at least attempted, many improvements in his system of marine; he has relaxed the stern etiquette of the court and the seraglio very considerably; he has become the proprietor and publisher of a paper called the Ottoman Monitor, printed in French, Arabic, Armenian, and Turkish; and, what is perhaps more

effectual than all this, he has encouraged, by his own example, a change of dress, and a relaxation of social habits and manners, which, by wearing away the asperities of prejudices, the growth of ages of inveterate hostility, may, and probably will in time, bring the followers of the Saviour of mankind and the disciples of Mahomet to a better temper and understanding.

These successful attempts of the only despot of the age who has exerted himself in ameliorating the condition of his subjects, have already produced many and radical changes. Turkey is not what it was; nor are its habits and institutions what they once were. Great changes have taken, and are hourly taking, place, that will either result in a dismemberment of the empire, the deposition of Sultan Mahmoud, or the gradual resuscitation of the remnants at least of this vast association of kingdoms. Thus the ancient accounts of the state of Turkey, its dress, manners, and habits, are gradually becoming obsolete, like the black-letter books of the middle ages. We require a picture of the Ottoman empire as it now is, not as it was five hundred years, or, indeed, fifty years ago. To receive our impressions from such accounts as have hitherto been strictly correct, would be somewhat like setting down contented with a description of the Mississippi Valley previous to the establishment of our independence.

The work here presented to the reader in a great degree supplies the deficiencies of other travellers, be-

cause it furnishes a living sketch of Constantinople, the surrounding country, and the present policy of the sultan, together with a practical exemplification of the actual state of manners, habits, and social intercourse. Little is borrowed from any other source than the actual personal observations of a man whom the intelligent reader will very soon recognise as one of great shrewdness, keen sagacity, and an extensive acquaintance with various parts of the world. Add to this, that the descriptions and relations are given with a spirit and vivacity that cannot fail to communicate additional interest to details in themselves highly curious and interesting. It is only necessary to add, that from the difficulty of deciphering the handwriting of these letters, the editor has very probably mistaken or misspelt more than one of the proper names of persons and things. In that case he begs that the author may be exonerated, and the fault placed to his own account.

*New-York, June, 1835.*



## LETTERS FROM CONSTANTINOPLE.

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### LETTER I.

United States Ship John Adams,  
Dardanelles, Aug. 4, 1831.

MY DEAR —

I YESTERDAY had the very great pleasure of receiving your letter of the 4th of June, by the hands of Mr. Henry Eckford, whose beautiful ship now lies about one hundred yards astern of us, where she anchored last evening. I had begun to think that you, as well as my other friends, had forgotten that such a being as myself existed, although I have tried hard, by frequent letters, to keep myself fresh in your recollection, and am fully repaid by the knowledge of my success, of which your letter is a proof. You, who have never been separated from your friends the distance of half the world, can have no idea of the sensation produced by the breaking of the seal of a letter directed in a well-known hand. It is worth crossing the Atlantic to experience it; and then the joy you feel at the assurance it contains that "All is well." To hear of you and yours, and from you, always affords me pleasure; but at this time,



and at this distance, to know that exactly two months from this date, you and your family were in the enjoyment of the blessings of health, and thinking of me, is peculiarly pleasing.

Now to my task. You tell me that you will not forgive me if I do not make a pilgrimage to Troy, and give a description of it. I have it fortunately in my power to do so, having only three days since drank from the sources of the Scamander, and from that very source too which Hector leaped over when pursued by Achilles, and where Trojan dames before the war washed their linen, as well as themselves; a pure crystal stream gushing from a limestone rock, cool and delicious.

“Like crystal clear, and cold as winter snows,  
Where Trojan dames (ere yet alarm'd by Greece)  
Wash'd their fair garments in the days of peace.”

I have drank from that very stream, the description of which you will find in the twenty-second book of the Iliad; and I have surveyed from the top of the “high Watchtower,” mentioned in the same book, the whole plain of Troy.

After an early breakfast, we landed in a bay opposite to a group of islands, called on the chart Rabbit Islands. I believe the ancients did not notice them, and had no name for them. This bay is about half way between Tenedos and the mouth of the Dardanelles. It is believed to be the same where the Grecian galleys were hauled up. Here a branch of the Scamander, or rather a mill-race cut from the

Scamander by the Capitan Pacha, to whom the plain belongs, discharges itself.

We walked from thence to the mill, about a mile and a half distant, without seeing any thing whatever that indicated in the slightest degree that a city, ancient or modern, had ever existed, or that it had ever been the abode of man. The whole was one barren, dreary waste, giving growth to a species of coarse prickly grass, through which it was somewhat difficult to make our way.

We had on our left what moderns call the Tomb of Menelaus, a mound of earth about one hundred feet high, and as many at the base, and exactly like our Indian barrows. My impression is, that it was intended as a signal tower. The one mentioned by Homer, on the top of which I was, is perfectly similar, as are the mounds called the tombs of Antilochus, Achilles, Patroclus, and Ajax. And this opinion is reasonable from the distance which separates them, which is such as enables a person to see objects distinctly with the naked eye; for we do not know that the ancients had telescopes.

On arriving at the mill, which is constructed in the rudest manner, and works like our tub mills four pair of stones, we found a Greek and his family of wretched looking, dirty, half-starved children, lodged in some filthy and miserable looking hovels. From hence, after much difficulty, we got two horses, with which we proceeded to a Greek village, about five or six miles off, to procure others for the rest of the party, there being four of us. Here we were delayed

some time at a small shop, which we entered for shelter from the scorching rays of the sun. During our stay we received a polite message from the Aga by a noble looking Turkish soldier, inviting us to take coffee with him, which we accepted. On entering his house we found a fine, handsome man of about thirty-five years of age, richly dressed, who met us with the manners of a perfect gentleman, and a man of the world. He asked us to be seated, when pipes and coffee were presented. The conversation was carried on chiefly in Turkish, but sometimes in Italian.

Although there was nothing outside the kiosk that indicated even comfort, there was within it great luxury. The small and slightly elevated platform which surrounded the inside was covered with rich carpets and mats; the earthen floor was sprinkled with water to refresh it; and numerous flower-pots filled with mignonet, gave a delightful odour to the air.

The appearance of the village was miserable in the extreme. It is inhabited by Greeks who cultivate the extensive plains of Troy now belonging to the Capitan Pacha. It is the office of the Aga to collect for him the revenues derived therefrom, which is done, as the poor Greeks informed me, with great rigour.

On leaving the Aga we mounted our horses, and, guided by a Greek, proceeded to the site of ancient Troy, a distance of nine or ten miles, without meeting a human being or a habitation. The greater

part of this distance was a barren, uncultivated waste, covered with scrub oaks from four to five feet high, from which they gather the gall nut.

Our guide pointed out to us what he called the walls of Troy, a piece of stone masonry level with the ground, about three feet thick and eight or nine feet long. Also some stones, which were evidently the ruins of some half a dozen houses, quite small, and from their shape, position, and number, compared with other establishments I have seen, I have no doubt of their having belonged to farm-houses, perhaps of no very ancient date.

. From thence we proceeded to the sources of the Scamander, at one of which we found a granite column about ten feet in length, protecting one side of the fountain; while, on the other, there were large slabs of beautiful white marble, which, from their size, shape, and the mortices in their edges, had in ancient times served as a lining for it.

A quarter of a mile from this stands a Turkish village, attached to which is a graveyard, and the graves are marked with the shafts of small marble and granite columns, from their appearance very ancient. On a hill, adjoining the village, we found a number of marble and granite columns, standing erect, of a considerable size, with only about one-third of their length above the ground. I should judge, from what was visible of them, their whole length must have been from twenty-five to thirty feet. We found here also marble door-sills, such as are met with in Pompeii; and other marbles

which were used by the ancients to encrust and decorate the exterior of their houses.

These are said to be the remains of the palace of Priam, on the site of which now stands a miserable Turkish block-house, built of unburnt bricks. Near this is a private burying-ground, entirely enclosed with large and beautiful slabs of white marble, every way similar to those we found at the fountain. There was near this also an enormous square block of granite, evidently of great antiquity, with a hole in the upper side in the form of our mortices, a foot in diameter, and about the same in depth. The inhabitants of the village use it to pound their grain in, and for aught I know, it may have been used for the same purpose in the days of Priam. There were close by this granite block some large pieces of white marble, placed there for the Turks who visit the mosque to mount their horses from.

What I have described is all that is visible of ancient Troy. I asked our guide what they were supposed to be? he told me Genoese ruins, and this is their reply universally; for they have no idea of a higher antiquity than the period when the Genoese occupied part of Turkey and the islands. History informs us, that Alexander built Alexandria Troas, which the natives call Eske Stamboul. This is situated on the sea shore, opposite Tenedos; but we had not time to visit it. In erecting the public buildings there, he no doubt recollected that at Troy there were columns and other valuable specimens of

granite and marble at hand, which accounts for the few remaining at Troy.

When Constantinople was building, we know that they supplied themselves with the marbles, &c. of Eske Stamboul, so that scarcely any thing but the walls of the latter remains to mark its situation. To look for the materials of these ancient cities, you must visit the mosques, and other public buildings of Constantinople, and the batterics of the Dardanelles; in which latter you will find large piles of marble and granite balls, of from 500 to 800 pounds, made from the columns of Eske Stamboul, to suit the enormous cannon mounted in them.

This is all I have seen and know of ancient Troy; and as all travellers whose accounts I have read, declare that there is no indication at the spot pointed out that such a city ever existed, I can testify that there is abundance of proof to corroborate the description given by Homer, whose whole story has been pronounced by some to be nothing more than a beautiful fable.

With my best wishes to yourself and family, believe me to be truly and sincerely yours.

## LETTER II.

Buyucderè, Sept. 9, 1831.

MY DEAR —

I SOME time since sent you a hasty, but correct sketch of the plain of Troy, which, as you will perceive, presented little more than a dreary waste. I am now going to attempt a picture of another description, but I fear I cannot do justice to it.

In the first place, Buyucderè, you will ask, where is it? It is perhaps one of the most beautiful villages in the world, situated on one of the most charming spots on earth, on the left hand going up the Bosphorus, about ten miles from Constantinople, and five from the entrance into the Black Sea. It is inhabited entirely by Christians, and is composed chiefly of the palaces of the ambassadors of the European courts, and of other diplomatic agents, and of the houses of the attaches and those who supply their wants. It is in fact a Christian town, and composed of the most fashionable persons from Christian courts. It is rare to see a Turk in it, except he comes on business or is stationed as a guard and a protection to a diplomatic establishment. There are two now seated at my gate, in the full ancient rich Turkish costume, attaghans, pistols, &c., silver

mounted, where they remain from noon till night without any earthly thing to do that I know of, but to smoke their pipes, and drink their coffee. But in Buyucderè, they are absolutely necessary to support the dignity of the establishment, as are also a porter at the entrance of the house, and a valet de pied, who have very little more to do than the Yac-sackgere and the Cavaisse, except that one strikes a bell when a diplomate visits me, and the other runs ahead to give notice when I visit a diplomate. Three strokes for an ambassador, two for a minister resident, and one for a chargè. Etiquette here is reduced to the strictest rules. But enough of such dignified trifles.

If you want to know what the Bosphorus looks like, place yourself at West Point on the hill, or on the top of the Hotel; look up the river; cast your eyes along both shores and close to the water's edge; imagine a continued line of villages as far as the eye can extend; and at short distances from one another, most magnificent palaces jutting into the river, and resting on stone quays, which serve as landing places for the Sultan and his officers, to whom they belong. Here and there also may be seen ancient castles and modern forts; extensive groves of cypress, which shade the richly ornamented graveyards of the Turks; vessels going and coming from the Black Sea, and thousands of the light and rapid Kaicks with their freight of passengers skimming over the smooth and transparent waters in every direction. In the



distance is the Black Sea, which looks as if it opened to a world unknown.

Now turn yourself round; imagine that you see New-York stretched out to immensity, with a thousand spires and minarets pointing to the skies: Jersey city equal to a population of from seventy to a hundred thousand souls: Brooklyn and the Navy-Yard an equal number: the bay of New-York stretched out to an immense sea studded with magnificent islands, covered with towns; shipping, and boats, moving in every direction; castles, palaces, watchtowers, forts, a long line of villages touching one another for nine or ten miles on each side the river, hills crowned with trees reaching to heaven; in the back ground mount Olympus with his snow-capt head appearing through an atmosphere as clear as ether. Imagine all this, and you may have a faint, and but a faint idea of the Bosphorus, Constantinople, Scutari, Galatca, the entrance to the Black Sea, and the Sea of Marmora. To say that the scene is magnificent is to say nothing; imagination cannot depict, and words cannot express what it is: to conceive it, it must be seen.

The villages on each side the Bosphorus are Turkish, Greek, Armenian, Jewish.

The Turkish houses are painted fancifully and tastily; the Greek and Jewish of a lead colour: the Armenians red. They do not mingle with one another except in business; live in separate and distinct societies in villages apart from one another, each having their own priests and churches, and

exercising their respective religions uninterrupted. I have been in the interior of one of the Turkish palaces on the Bosphorus. In point of splendour and luxury it exceeded all I had ever seen before.— It had been built by a rich Armenian, who had his head taken off. The house was given to a favourite of the Sultan, who was altering a little the paint work, and fitting it up for his harem. These Armenians have immense wealth. To see them in the streets with their humble look, black lamb-skin cap, and coarse long black coat, or frock, you would suppose them beggars. The moment they enter their own doors, humility is thrown aside, and you would suppose them princes. I sent for one the other day to bring me some jewelry to look at; he was introduced—an humble, beggarly looking fellow; he unloaded his various packets of \$25,000 worth of snuff-boxes covered with diamonds, and informed me that if I wished to see more he would bring me a million or two of dollars worth.

The Armenian women in their houses dress much as ours do, or something between the Greek costume and ours; but when in the street, they conceal their faces all but the eyes, and muffle themselves up much like the Turkish women, between the dresses of whom there is little difference, except in the colour of their slippers: the Turkish women wear yellow and the Armenian red or black.

Talking of women reminds me of a scene I witnessed last Friday, the Turkish Sunday. I will try to describe it, but I fear that I shall not

succeed better than I did in my description of the Bosphorus. But take it such as it is.

An old gentleman who lives at a village about five miles below me, on the other side of the Bosphorus, called Candalir, asked me to come over to take breakfast with him, and promised me a distant view from the top of the hill, of an assemblage of the females of the Turkish families of Constantinople and the neighbouring towns, as they gather together in the Valley of the Sweet Waters of Asia, every Friday, and there pass the day, amusing themselves variously. He said we could not approach them, but that the sight at a distance was worth seeing. I accordingly went to his house, where I was introduced to his wife, his eight or ten married daughters, and their from six to eight children apiece; and after enjoying the magnificent view from the hill at the back of his garden, proceeded to my kaick, and embarked for the valley of sweet waters, about a mile above us.

A kaick is a long narrow light boat like an Indian canoe, but turning up at each end; highly ornamented by carved work and gilding, and rowed (that is the diplomatic ones) by three sturdy Musulmen dressed in white coarse shirts and trowsers, their muscular arms bare to the shoulders, a small red skull-cap with a blue tassel on their heads, and each rowing two pair of oars.

The larger kind carry from four to five passengers, seated on carpets in the bottom of the after part of the boat, and they skim along with a velo-

city which is almost incredible. They are beautiful things and perfect in their kind. At Buyucderè, a man's rank is as well known by the number of his oars, as by the number of strokes on the bell.

On our way to the valley, we were joined by numberless kaicks filled with women, and in addition to the usual complement, as many children as they could stow away among them, and they appeared to take very good care that no room should be lost. Women are generally economical, and are so in Turkey, at least when boat hire is in question, so far as I could judge by appearances.

We entered with them a narrow fresh-water river, up which we proceeded for about a mile, when we came to a light and airy wooden bridge thrown across the stream, near which was a landing place, and at it a multitude of kaicks, from the rank of three banks down to one.

A string of carriages, filled with women and children, was at the moment crossing the bridge to the place near where we had landed, which was the entrance to an extensive grove, consisting of trees of the largest kind ; some in clusters of three, four, and five ; others spreading their branches to an immense distance, affording ample space and shelter from the sun for thousands. Here and there were seats, and a marble fountain of clear and cold water, supplied the means of refreshment.

The Turkish carriage is a curious vehicle. It is something in shape, like our Jersey wagons without springs or seats, and is drawn by two fat and

beautiful light gray oxen, most gorgeously decorated on their flanks, backs, and shoulders with gold, and a rich fringe-work made of silk. On the face from the horns to the nose is a piece somewhat in the form of a shield, composed of innumerable small looking glasses, set in gold and silk work. The carriage is called an araba, it is probable from the rich arabesques, with which the exterior as well as the interior is covered, highly ornamented with gold, and rich paint work. It has a bow top covered with a rich woollen or silk cloth, generally red, with white silk or linen curtains neatly fringed. The entrance is at the back by means of a small ladder, and the persons within are seated in the Turkish manner, on rich and soft cushions. Each of those vehicles contained from six to eight Turkish ladies dressed in oriental richness; the curtains of most of them were open; many of the ladies had their faces exposed, at least long enough to give me a full view of them. They were of various ages, most of them from fifteen to three or four-and-twenty, and the major part of them extremely beautiful. Charmed with this unexpected, and singularly beautiful and picturesque spectacle, I followed the direction of the carriages up the valley, where I saw seated in groups on rich Turkey carpets, spread on the grass in the shade of the wide-spreading trees, many hundreds of young and beautiful Turkish women amusing themselves variously. Their carriages were drawn up in lines near them; the oxen, under the charge of the keeper, were grazing on the smooth

green lawn which was in the centre of the grove; the children, richly clad and beautiful as angels, chasing the butterflies and grasshoppers, while bands of wandering minstrels, generally Greeks, enchanted with their music and love songs groups of "lights of the harem;" here and there a wandering Bohemian, or Hungarian, recounting some love adventure, or an Egyptian fortune-teller, examining the palms, and exciting the hopes of some believing fair one.

Among other exhibitions for the amusement of the domestics and the children, was a large grisly bear which had been taught to dance, to wrestle, &c. &c., led by a savage from the north, more wild and grisly than his companion.

Not a Turk was visible in this whole scene, except a small guard of soldiers at the landing place, to keep order among the boatmen. The women were as free as the air they breathed, and as unrestrained; I went among them, made signs to them, for I could not speak; my companions (I had two,) talked to them, there was scarcely a face among them worth seeing, that I had not a full view of, and never in my life did I so much regret the want of a tongue to express myself.

It is difficult to reconcile oneself to the Turkish female dress. That of the men is loose, flowing, and rich; and from the quantity of materials of which it is composed, gives to the man an air of magnificence, from the apparent increase of all his dimensions. The idea is meant apparently, to

be kept up as regards the female figure, but they lose that airy neatness, and sprightliness of action, which distinguishes a Christian woman, or one dressed in the Christian style. An Armenian woman in the Turkish dress, is altogether a different being from an Armenian divested of her load of cloth, boots, and slippers coming off at every moment as she walks.

The Turkish female dress consists of first a piece of fine muslin which covers the head down to the eyebrows; another in some cases as transparent as air; which covers the face from the nose down, and conceals the neck and bosom; one or two fine and rich vests open at the breast, which is hid by the aforesaid transparent veil; loose trowsers gathered above the hips, and below the knee; a rich sash passing several times around the waist; thin yellow morocco boots, which reach to the calf of the leg, and yellow slippers; a long silk garment with sleeves, falling to the ankles, and over all a full cloak of the finest broadcloth, trailing on the ground, with a square cape of equal length and long sleeves. This, with a multitude of massive gold bracelets, rings, chains, and a profusion of jewels, and you have a tolerably fair picture of a Turkish lady of rank, such as I saw, and of the family of the Reis Effendi, corresponding with our Secretary of State, whose wife and family I had the honour to salute, and to receive from them a salute in return: that is to say, the right hand laid on the breast, the head gently reclined; then the

right hand shifted to the top of the head ; the salutation is grace itself the way they do it.

Speaking of the dress ; it is a great encumbrance to them in walking. The cloak is eternally dropping off one shoulder or the other ; then it has to be hitched up ; by the time it is fixed, off comes a slipper ; in stooping to see where it is, (for they can't look down without stooping, from the quantity of clothing which interposes between their eyes and the ground,) off drops the cloak from their shoulders ; now both arms and hands are required to draw it on, which they do by catching hold of the side of the cloak, and throwing their arms open in an elevated direction, thus exposing all their under garments and finery. When you see a Turkish woman walking, it appears as if she had as much as she could do to keep herself together.

Yet for all this, the scene of the Valley of Sweet Waters was lovely, and the situation in which I was placed, singular. I have no recollection of any traveller mentioning this place, or noticing the extreme license given to Turkish women on their Sunday. They scarcely seemed to be aware of the impropriety of a departure from their usual concealment in our presence ; they gazed at us, and we gazed at them with equal curiosity. What struck me most, was their brilliant black eyes, their beautifully arched eyebrows, and their long and glossy black hair almost reaching the ground.

The delicate fairness of their skins, is owing doubtless to their confinement to their homes : of



their figures I could not judge. Some of them have thrown off their clumsy yellow boots, and substituted the silk open work stockings and slippers: handsomer ankles, and smaller and more beautiful feet, I have never seen. When a man buys a wife, if rich, he undoubtedly chooses a handsome one. The Turks are a noble race of men, and the women being generally of Circassian origin, it is not surprising that the daughters of the Turks should be beautiful.

About one o'clock, a boat laden with hampers of meats, and bales of wine of every description, arrived at the landing, and soon after, the wife and daughters of my friend, who is of Greek, Venetian, or Genoese parentage, and whose ancestors came to this country some centuries ago. He and all his family speak Greek, French, and Turkish; the ladies quite intelligent, accomplished, handsome, and fashionable.

We spread our carpet, over which we laid our tablecloth, with knives, forks, plates, spoons, &c., in the European style, and under the shade of a noble tree commenced our repast.

This was a subject of wonder; groups collected around us, and every thing appeared to astonish them; eating with the spoon instead of the fingers! cutting the meat instead of tearing it! drinking wine, and to one another! and above all, the gentlemen waiting on, and helping the ladies, instead of making the ladies wait on them!! It was wonderful; many among them exclaimed, "Mash allah,"

God is Great!! Dancing bear, Greeks, Bohemians, Hungarians, and Gipsies were all deserted to go and see *Christians eat*.

About four o'clock the company began to move off, some in their arabas, (those of the Asiatic side,) those of the European side in their kaicks. The oxen were geared up, and the company seated, and in motion without scarcely a word spoken.

We followed their example, and embarking in our kaicks, descended the Bosphorus, about half a mile to a Kiosk of the Sultan's, near which is a splendid Persian fountain of white marble, and very highly ornamented. Here is a grove of nearly equal extent to the one we had left, and an extensive verdant meadow where the Sultan turns out his horses to graze and play.

Here we found the same company, but with augmented numbers, seated in groups under the trees, taking coffee, sherbet, and ice creams, which were sold by persons hawking them about. There were many persons also, who sold sweetmeats; and pedlers, with fancy things, ribands, laces, &c.

I remained there until sundown; how long the others remained I know not, but was told that it is not unusual for them to remain until midnight; and that sometimes the Sultan visits the place with the officers of his court, and his band of music, (which is an excellent one, and taught after the European manner.) In such cases they do not break up until towards daylight.

Not long since he paid a visit to this village at

about eleven o'clock at night, with a long string of barges, filled with his gentlemen and guards, and preceded by his band, slowly moving along in front of the long stone quay, and playing some of the music of the first masters, in the best style. From thence he went back to his Kiosk, near the fountain and plain, where he remained with the company until two o'clock in the morning, when he returned to Constantinople.

The day to me was a day of real enjoyment. I can safely say that it was a day of *uninterrupted* enjoyment, nothing whatever occurred to mar in the slightest degree the pleasures of it ; every thing was new, unexpected, and surprising. I had got into an entire new world. I had seen the Turkish character in a new point of view, the film had dropped from my eyes, and I saw things with my own optics, not as described by others. The few hours I was among them were worth volumes of the creations of the imagination of book-making travellers.

The Turkish women are as free as any women in the world; they do not receive the attentions of the men it is true, and perhaps they do not wish to be under the restraint, to which their presence would subject them. They have their customs, we have ours. They conceal their faces ; our women expose those parts which modesty should cover.

Does this constitute their happiness ? where is the Christian husband, who is so confiding in the prudence and the virtue of his wife and daughters as to permit their absence whole days and nights,

without inquiring where they had been, and what they had been about ? but this is permitted by Turkish husbands and fathers ; for every Friday and Friday night, when the weather permits, the same scenes I have described take place at the Valley of Sweet Waters, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus.

The task is done by a rough hand 'tis true ; your imagination can give it the last touch and true polish.

Perhaps I may from time to time give you sketches of the objects which present themselves, and while fresh on my memory ; I keep no journal, and they will be the only memoranda. If you find them worth preserving, preserve them ; if not, throw them into the fire, and there will be an end of them.

God bless you, and yours.

## LETTER III.

Buyucderè, Sep. 26, 1831.

MY DEAR —

WITHIN a few days past an occurrence has taken place with regard to our embassy that has filled all Buyucderè with dismay, astonished all the corps diplomatique, confounded the Porte Ottoman, and I am told will engage the attention of all Europe. I will give you the particulars of it, that you may put matters to rights if brother Jonathan should get hold of it, whose good opinion I know the minister values above all the rest of the world, and God forbid that he should forfeit it.

On his arrival, his drogoman, (who by the bye is or was a great man, but the minister has destroyed his greatness, by suspending him from duty and stopping his pay, which is worse than all) his drogoman informed him that he had rented for him a house at 5000 piastres the year (double price at least) with the reservation of the stable under the sleeping rooms for some Armenians next door, but with the promise that he, the owner, would build him another stable. Content. More than a month elapsed, and the minister beginning to feel the inconvenience of suffering in health for want of exercise on horseback.

asked about the stable to be built, and was informed that the landlord intended building a stable for the Armenians and would give him their stable. Better contented. A week or two after, landlord asked the servants when the minister intended to build the stable. In the mean time he had paid the rent for the whole year, piastres 5000. Now, not contented by any means, he sent to landlord to know where he intended building, and was informed that he had no idea of building or giving the minister the Armenians' stable. He felt a little sore, and began to rise up to 120; waited a few days to set all right. Determined to act cool. In the mean time straw and hay collecting by Armenians for winter stock; candles and lamps going in and out; danger of conflagration; no control over the affair; asked Armenians to remove the horses and give up stable. Quite polite, and as civil as could be. The Armenians had no notion of giving up; continued laying in provant, as Dalgetty says. I don't think you ever saw an Armenian; they are queer things; the major of those I had to deal with is the queerest of all. An old stout man, head and face shaved all over, except a pair of milk-white mustaches a little burnt at the end. A face like a tiger-cat, long ears, and a black cap resembling a narrow-mouthed iron pot turned upside down on his head. A long silk striped gown to his ankles, girded around the loins, and over all a black woollen cloak with sleeves, lined with ermine; red boots, and red slippers over them. Breast stuffed with handkerchiefs, memorandums,

and account books, inkstand, and all the other implements of brokerage and roguery. These fellows are generally very rich, and are here what the Jews are in Barbary.

All money business is transacted by them. Buying and selling bills of exchange and merchandize, and in fact brokerage of every description. They are in the run of business, meek and humble in their exterior appearance, and the more rich the greater their apparent poverty. I have seen the inside of an Armenian house built for his own residence, and of course that of his family; but as he was too rich to live, his head was taken off, and his body exposed in the street. You will find in a kind of Novel called "the Armenians," an account of him, and a translation of the Turkish label pinned to his breast. It is impossible for us to conceive, without having seen it, what oriental luxury is; I shall not therefore attempt to describe the house I visited. It was then vacant, as some workmen were employed in fitting it up for the residence of the favourite, Hali Pacha, the present capitan Pacha, who is soon to be married to a daughter of the Sultan.

I have seen also many of the splendid gardens belonging to Armenians, which are laid out and ornamented in the highest style of elegance and luxury. The exterior of their harems is in appearance corresponding with their persons, but nothing can exceed the wealth within. I am told that the moment they touch their threshold, good bye humi-

lity, good bye black iron pot and cloak ; good bye red slippers, and *enter Prince !*

A few days ago I had the pleasure of a visit from two young Armenian ladies who came to witness the christening of an American child, the son of a Mr. Goodell, a missionary from the United States. They came with their mother ; one was about eighteen, the other about twenty years of age. I had never before seen them in their national costume, without the broad cloth cloak and veil ; for the dress of the Turkish and Armenian women is in every respect precisely the same, except the turban and the red slippers, which are worn by the latter, and the turban gives a finish and beauty to the figure, worn as it is by them, which it is very difficult to describe. You must not form an idea of what an Armenian turban is by the things called turbans worn by the ladies of the United States. The manner of putting them on, and their composition I shall not attempt to describe ; but their richness from the exquisite beauty of the materials and colouring, intertwined with their long and glossy black hair, and decorated with costly diamond ornaments and pearls, displaying a large and beautiful aigrette in front, the brilliancy of which was heightened by the presence of a single black feather (I believe a heron's feather) of a few inches in length, was exquisite. A transparent white veil hung from it loosely down over the right shoulder, and was a perfect finish to the head gear.

When they entered the room, which they did



without notice, I was struck with astonishment at the truly oriental richness they displayed. Their faces, which were of a rare beauty, expressed wonder at every thing they saw, for they were not aware of the concourse which had assembled. It appeared as though this was the first time they had ever been in public. Their figures were beautiful, and their robes, which were magnificently rich, hung in folds before and behind, about eighteen inches on the floor, and were slit up on each side a little below the knee, showing the full loose Turkish trowsers, which gather around the ankle, and are of the finest texture, as white as the driven snow.

Nothing could be more brilliant than their fine dark eyes, set off by black arched eyebrows, almost meeting over the nose, and the slight black tinge which art had given to the edges of the eyelid, heightened greatly their expression. I had read of the richness of dress and of the beauty of the oriental females, but never before had a correct idea before. I have hardly given a sketch of them, for I was so surprised at their unexpected appearance, so much like a vision, that I was somewhat bewildered, and so is my description. I imagined confusedly something about Lallah Rookh, pride of the harem, or some such sort of things, and could hardly believe their presence real, as they stood before me; and this was chiefly the effect produced by dress, for these were the daughters of the humble, degraded race I have before described, with skins (I mean

their fathers) as brown as sole leather and as thick too, with ears as long as a Jackass.

I have noticed that the children of the Armenians, both male and female are beautiful; I have never seen one otherwise. But the old men, and old women are, without exception, horribly ugly. The face of a miser every body can imagine, and from every pair of Armenian shoulders, after the age of thirty, sprouts up a miser's head. This is the effect of habit and education, which we all know, do change the human countenance, and I am inclined to believe have lengthened the ears of the Armenians, as they scarcely ever speak above their breath, and it requires the nicest organs of hearing to detect the sound of their voices when in conversation together, either in the house or the street. It is always in a whisper lest some words be detected that might involve them in difficulty.

But to go back to my story. While all these things were going on, old Tiger-cat, the Armenian, sat the greater part of the time looking out of his window, with his eyes fixed intently on the stable door, as if ready to pounce on the first one who dared to touch it.

The minister sent to him to say that he did not wish to put him to any inconvenience, but that he must have the control over that on which the safety of his house depended; as the stable was under the house, and he was apprehensive it might be set on fire by the ostler, who slept there, and kept a light burning. That the key of the stable was also the

key of his front door, and that his porter would let the ostler have it whenever it was necessary to lock or unlock the former. Tiger-cat answered by a growl, and began to curl up his back in rather a fearful way. The key was taken possession of by our porter. A few minutes afterward I heard a tremendous crash, and the servants came running up stairs to inform the minister that Tiger-cat had burst open the stable door, had called for an axe, and threatened vengeance, death, and destruction to those who dared to molest him. The minister had more wit than to run his head into any such danger; nor had he a fancy to have his brains knocked out by a long-eared, enraged Armenian; so he quietly seated himself at his dinner, and left Tiger to cool down the best way he could.

Next morning he sent for a locksmith and a carpenter, had the lock and door repaired, and very politely caused each of the servants to take a horse, and gallant them to the Armenian's door, with his compliments, and there deliver up their charge; which was done in due form.

They had scarcely got home, before the minister found a considerable mob collected before his door, and was informed by his servant that they were about breaking the door of the stable. He told him to tell them, but to tell them very politely, that he should shoot the first man who dared to offer violence to any part of his premises; and to convince him that he was in earnest, sent for his pistols. The mob, on this intimation, dispersed, and he was left in quiet pos-

session. He sent the key, however, to the Ottoman Porte, to dispose of as it might think proper. There are several versions of this affair. Some say that the minister fired into the mob, but fortunately killed no one. But the most probable of all the stories got up, is, that he gained the key by the following stratagem: that he invited the Armenians of the neighbourhood into his house, not knowing which had the key, and seated them in a circle, around a barrel of gunpowder, when suddenly he produced a loaded and cocked pistol, and taking the cover from off the barrel of powder, told them he would fire into it and blow them all up if they did not deliver the key. The key was accordingly produced, and he let them go out through the door instead of sending them out more expeditiously through the roof!

Some such story as this will, I presume, appear in the papers.

The next day the minister sent to *Tiger-cat* to say that if he was any thing out of pocket by his taking possession of the stable, he would refund him the amount. A *growl* was the answer.

I have written you a long story about a very unimportant matter in itself; but others have made it otherwise; my story will, however, give you some insight into the character of one of the members of this nation, of all the nations in the world, not excepting the Chinese, the most tricky.

I fear I tire you with my long and uninteresting scrawls. If you don't like them, throw them into the fire, as I told you before.

My motives for troubling you with them are two, 1st. while writing, I in a measure fancy myself with you; 2d. I know you like to look into the book of nature, and these familiar and unstudied epistles are new leaves that I am turning over for you. Travellers in general write to make a book, and to get it sold. The purchaser buys it for its style, not for its truth of representation, of which he can never know any thing, as he never can visit all the countries he reads about, and leaves off reading just as wise as he commenced as to their true condition. I, as you know, describe things as I see them, and as they impress me; and you highly gratified me on one occasion, by saying that my descriptions were all remarkable for their clearness and correctness and that they have been proved so, by those who subsequently followed my route.

I think it high time to stop for the present, but perhaps may add a Postscript.

My best regards to Mrs. — and all the rest. Don't let them and that little wild, spoiled boy, forget me.

Yours most truly.

P. S. The affair of the key is all settled satisfactorily, to the minister at least.

He sent it to the Sultan. It weighed about three pounds. The Sultan sent it to the Armenian, with orders to bring it to the minister, and beg his pardon. He has done so. This is a *key* of some note. Excuse the pun. It has gone through the hands of, first, the first Turgeman; Second, the second mi-

nister of state ; Third, the first minister of state ; Fourth, the Sultan. It then came down again through the same channel to the minister, without counting Tartar couriers, Armenians, &c. &c. Besides, it has been the talk of all Buyucderè, Pera, and Constantinople for some days, and the Lord knows how much ink has been shed on the occasion.

#### LETTER IV.

Buyucderè, Aug. 3, 1831.

AN event anxiously desired by our country, for some ten or twelve years or more, took place this morning,—the exchange of the ratification of the treaties between the United States and the Ottoman Porte.

On our way from the residence of the minister to meet the Reis Effendi, at Candalic, half way between this and Constantinople, and a few minutes after leaving the landing, I witnessed a scene the most awful and appalling that the imagination can depict.

I believe I have 'described what a kaick is ; it is a boat, in form like an egg-shell, cut longitudinally, and almost as light and frail ; the passengers sit on the bottom of the big end of the shell, and the boat is rowed by three stout rowers, each working two

short oars. They are the lightest, the frailest, and the swiftest things that can be; more easily capsized and demolished than an Indian bark canoe, which they very much resemble, except that they are highly ornamental by delicate carved work and gaudy gilding.

In a six-oared kaick, the American minister, his secretary, &c., and myself, with his kervoss, or guard, a fine looking Turk in full costume, except the turban, (for the Sultan, since the fall of the Janissaries, does not allow any one in his employ to wear the turban, nor does he wear it himself,) attaghan, pistols, and pipe, (pipe is part of full dress) started with the treaty and regalia of about thirty thousand dollars worth of snuff-boxes, which you might have put in your coat pocket.

We had got perhaps a mile and a half on our way, when a cloud rising in the west, gave indications of an approaching rain. In a few minutes we discovered something falling from the heavens with a heavy splash, and of a whitish appearance. I could not conceive what it was, but observing some gulls near, I supposed it to be them darting for fish; but soon after discovered that they were large balls of ice falling. Immediately we heard a sound like rumbling thunder, or ten thousand carriages rolling furiously over the pavement. The whole Bosphorus was in a foam, as though heaven's artillery had been discharged upon us and our frail machine. Our fate seemed inevitable, our umbrellas were raised to protect us; the lumps of ice stripped them

into ribands. We fortunately had a bullock's hide in the boat, under which we crawled and saved ourselves from further injury. One man, of the three oarsmen, had his hand literally smashed; another much injured in the shoulder; Mr. H. received a severe blow in the leg; my right hand was somewhat disabled, and all more or less injured.

A smaller kaick accompanied, with my two servants. They were both disabled, and are now in bed with their wounds; the kaick was terribly bruised. It was the most awful and terrific scene that I ever witnessed, and God forbid that I should be ever exposed to such another. Balls of ice as large as my two fists, fell into the boat, and some of them came with such violence as certainly to have broken an arm or leg, had they struck us in those parts. One of them struck the blade of an oar and split it. The scene lasted, may be, five minutes; but it was five minutes of the most awful feeling that I ever experienced. When it passed over, we found the surrounding hills covered with masses of ice, I cannot call it hail; the trees stripped of their leaves and limbs, and every thing looking desolate. We proceeded on our course, however, and arrived at our destination, drenched and awestruck. The ruin had not extended so far as Candalie, and it was difficult to make them comprehend the cause of the nervous and agitated condition in which we arrived; the Reis Effendi asked me if I was ever so agitated when in action? I answered no, for then I had something to excite me, and human means only to



oppose. He asked the minister if he ever was so affected in a gale of wind at sea? He answered no, for then he could exercise his skill to disarm or render harmless the elements. He asked him why he should be so affected now? He replied, "from the awful idea of being crushed to death by the hand of God with stones from heaven, when resistance would be vain, and where it would be impious to be brave." He clasped his hands, raised his eyes to heaven, and exclaimed, "God is great!"

Up to this hour, late in the afternoon, I have not recovered my composure; my nerves are so affected as scarcely to be able to hold my pen, or communicate my ideas. The scene was awful beyond all description. I have witnessed repeated earthquakes; the lightning has played, as it were, about my head; the wind roared, and the waves have at one moment thrown me to the sky, and the next have sunk me into a deep abyss. I have been in action, and seen death and destruction around me in every shape of horror; but I never before had the feeling of awe which seized upon me on this occasion, and still haunts, and I feel will ever haunt me. I returned to the beautiful village of Buyucderè. The sun was out in all its splendour; at a distance all looked smiling and charming; but a nearer approach discovered roofs covered with workmen repairing the broken tiles; desolated vineyards, and shattered windows. My porter, the boldest of my family, who had ventured an instant from the door, had been knocked down by a hailstone, and had

they not dragged him in by the heels, would have been battered to death. Of a flock of geese in front of our house, six were killed, and the rest dreadfully mangled. Two boatmen were killed in the upper part of the village, and I have heard of broken bones in abundance. Many of the thick brick tiles with which my roof is covered, are smashed to atoms, and my house was inundated by the rain that succeeded this visitation. It is impossible to convey an idea of what it was. Imagine to yourself, however, the heavens suddenly froze over, and as suddenly broken to pieces in irregular masses, of from half a pound to a pound weight, and precipitated to the earth. My own servants weighed several pieces of three-quarters of a pound, and many were found by others of upwards of a pound. There were many which fell around the boat in which I was, that appeared to me to be as large as the swell of the large sized water decanter. You may think this romance. It is as true as Gospel, and I refer to Mr. \*\*\*\*\*, who will be the bearer of this letter, who was with me and witnessed the scene, for the truth of every word it contains.

There was a most singular phenomenon occurred. If I was a believer in miracles, or could think that divine interposition would condescend to protect so insignificant a being as myself, here would be food for superstition to subsist on.

It was this : that for the five minutes duration of this fall of ice, between two and two and a half of it elapsed without a particle of it touching our boat,

although it fell in such heavy masses, as to splash the water into her and over us. We could see only the length of her short oars, resembling paddles. It fell around in lines parallel to her sides, but not one stone fell on board of her, until the heaviest part of the storm was over. Here is a fact for philosophy to speculate on. Since the event, I have made inquiries and find it was the case with the other boats with which the Bosphorus was covered. Another singular circumstance is, that those who were at the extremities and narrowest part of the boat, were the first and most injured, and those in the midship and widest part escaped unhurt, or with comparatively slight injury. Also, that every one exposed to the storm on shore was killed or badly wounded, while no very serious accident happened on the water.

Is not this owing to the compressed air within the sides of the boat, rendered dense by the pressure of the hail from above so as to form an atmosphere above and around her sufficiently firm to glance off the descending masses; or as there was certainly a strong descending current of air, may not the reaction from the hollow of the boat have been sufficiently strong to have thrown the masses out of their perpendicular descent. If you blow strong into a tumbler or cup, you will find the reverted current of your breath return strong against your face. This will give you my idea of the natural cause of our salvation; if I am not correct, let others seek a more rational theory.—I pledge my honour as to the fact. I have heard of a stout tree in my neighbour-

hood, into the crotch of which a mass of ice fell, which split the tree as though it had been riven by a wedge of iron.

Perhaps you feel anxious to know what the ceremonies of the exchange of ratification were. You would imagine that it was in the midst of wealth and oriental splendour, surrounded by the chief officers of the Empire, and at the footstool of the Sultan on his golden throne. The world has been greatly gulled by travellers, who, for the reasons mentioned in a former letter, were to deal in the marvellous. The house of the Reis Effendi is a very ordinary old red wooden house, so near the water in the village Candalie as to step from the boat into his door. I found some workmen who were making repairs, cleaning out the rubbish. The minister went up stairs and found him wrapped up in rather a coarse brown cloak, with his drogoman dressed in a similar manner. There were half a dozen servants standing at the door, and this was the only appearance of state that I witnessed. After rising and shaking hands, he asked the minister to be seated; pipes, coffee, and sherbet were introduced; they talked about the storm and other matters, when the minister mentioned to him the presents were in the bags, and had better be looked to. We all assisted in getting them out, and after we had done so, he examined with great admiration, the presents for the Sultan, consisting of a snuff-box, costing about \$9,000, and a fan which the minister paid about \$5,000 for. He was greatly struck with

their richness and beauty, and I have the strongest reasons for believing that from a republican agent the head of the Ottoman empire has received the most magnificent, and most valuable present of the kind which now is or ever has been in his possession. It had been previously asked what the minister purposed giving them, and they were informed a magnificent snuff-box worth about \$9,000. They doubted the existence of such a thing, but were now convinced of its reality. The minister subsequently determined on adding the fan, of all fans in the world, perhaps, the most costly and the most magnificent. The handle is of white agate ; at the end a large and beautiful emerald ; below the grasp a hoop of diamonds ; above the grasp the agate spreads in the form of the fan ; and on both sides is almost encrusted with large and the finest of diamonds arranged in beautiful devices. Among them a basket of flowers, a bow and a quiver of arrows are the principal. The feathers of the fan are those of the heron, and of two thicknesses. It is an ornament better suited to the crown of a Sultan, than to the hand of a slave. Mr. Eckford, who saw it before delivery, exclaimed that its brilliancy eclipsed that of the noonday sun.

The top of the snuff-box was so completely and artfully encrusted with diamonds, as to look like one large and splendid diamond. The enamel on the sides and bottom was of such beauty as no description can convey an idea of. All agreed that it was

more to be admired than the diamonds which covered the top.

The other presents, which consisted chiefly of diamond ornamented snuff-boxes, were of a value proportioned to the rank of those who were to receive them.

The ceremony of exchange was merely rising; the Reis Effendi taking the Turkish treaty in his right hand, and the American minister doing the same with the American, raising them as high as the head, and at the same instant making the exchange. He delivered the American treaty to his interpreter, and the minister, the Turkish to Mr. Hodgson.

Our treaties, you know, are on beautiful vellum paper, in a book with a richly embroidered velvet cover. A gold box, containing an impression of the Great Seal of the Union is attached by a gold cord, with rich tassels, and the whole enclosed in a handsome box.

The Turkish treaty is on thick vellum paper, placed in a flat bag of white silver cloth, to which is attached a ball of red wax, which at one part discloses a ball of gold which it contains; what is within the golden ball, I am ignorant.

The endorsement on the treaty is in the following words, in Turkish of course.

"This the Imperial ratification of the treaty between the noble and glorious possessor of the world, and the noble chief of the United States of America."

The party smoked another pipe, and took another cup of coffee and sherbet. The minister and the Efendi had a good deal of conversation about the United States, and particularly about our Indian population, of which he asked many very pertinent questions as to the nature of their government, their relations with the United States, their progress in civilization, their number, the interest the government had in treating with them, making them presents, establishing schools, and promoting their civilization. After the minister had answered all his questions, he asked him this truly Turkish question :

“ Could not the United States do all this better, and in much shorter time, by sending an armed force ? ”

The minister informed him that our system of policy toward them was one of benevolence : that as we had taken from them their country, and as their race became almost extinct, we looked on them as entitled to our charity, and felt ourselves bound to do them all the good in our power. He thought this “ all very kind, but not very politic.”

When the minister told him that such was the veneration and reverence of these wild men of the woods for the President of the United States, that they called him their “ great father,” he was struck with astonishment, and the expression of his countenance indicated that he thought our policy was the wisest and the best.

He made inquiries respecting the houses we live in, whether they were good, built of wood or stone ?

how our cities were laid out? in straight streets, or crooked and irregular like Constantinople. The minister explained all to him, and referred to Tanner's last map, with the plans of our principal cities which he had delivered to the Seraskier (commander in chief of the army) to show to the Sultan a few days before [since I have been here there have been nine fires.] The minister has urged them to commence a regular system of building, to widen and regulate their streets, and the Sultan has it under consideration. He has not yet permitted any one to rebuild.

The spirit of improvement is wide awake here and I foresee that if his life is spared, the Commodore is destined to do much good here.

So endeth the chapter.

Yours truly,

P. S. I shall give you by and by some curious biographies. I am collecting materials. I shall give you what I see. I shall not quote musty old authors long forgot. I shall not scrape up the rubbish of antiquity to look for what Constantinople was. I shall show you what it is.

Give me time, you shall see all. A *Camera Lueida* shows but one object at a time, but it shows it correctly.



## LETTER V.

Buyuederò Oct. 11, 1831:

MY DEAR —

A FEW days since, I made a trip to the Black Sea in a two-oared kaick. This was not the first time that I had attempted the same thing, but could not succeed in consequence of the rough sea which frequently sets into the mouth of the Bosphorus. However, this time it was a perfect calm, and I was enabled to proceed as far as the Symplegades or Cyanean rocks, where the Argonauts made, it is said, their votive offerings before they took their departure for Colchis, &c. They are four or five rough rocks, of small extent, situated in front of, and serve as a sort of protection to, a small harbour on the European side of the mouth of the Bosphorus, a place of great resort for the fishing boats, and other small coasting craft. Here is a magnificent light-house, a fort, and a town. The name of the place is, I think, Fanariè.

You will find these rocks mentioned by some authors. Byron, in a letter to Mr. Henry Drury, page 171, 1st vol., American edition, mentions them, and boasts of having at great risk seated himself on the top of them. Jones, in his naval sketches, I

think Hobhouse, Tournefort, and many others mention them, and an altar which stands a conspicuous object on the top of the largest.

To "scramble," as lord Byron calls it, to the top of the rock, is no easy task, as I found ; but I succeeded at less risk, however, than in many other adventures of my life.

That the monument in question was an altar for sacrifice, no one can doubt from its convenient height, say about four feet, (I did not measure it) its form, position, and ornaments.

It is surrounded near the top with rams' heads, and clusters of grapes, much defaced by time and violence, but the form and design still evident. There are also small circular indentations above the clusters, in one of which is carved a cross. The shaft or lower part is filled with the initials and names of persons who have visited the spot, some deeply cut others less so ; some skillfully done, some otherwise ; but all so run, one into the other, that it is impossible to make out what they are.

On the top surface are four deep mortises cut into the block of white marble of which the altar is composed ; they appear to have been cut long since the altar was executed, and yet have the appearances of great antiquity. I have no doubt they were formerly used for the support of the cross which Christian piety caused to surmount this pagan altar, and which the believers in the Koran have caused to disappear. This mysterious altar, the origin of

which has baffled the inquiry and speculations of all antiquarians, which has been at different times and in different ages the subject of adoration to different nations and religions, now serves for a target for the new recruits of the Sultan to try their skill on, it being about point blank range of a musket from the fort before mentioned. I took a sketch of this interesting stone. I yesterday saw in the garden of the French minister here, one very similar, but not so large.

By the bye, talking of new recruits, I had an opportunity of seeing a draft that came in from Anatolia the other day after a march of fifteen days. There were about two hundred of all sorts, all sizes, all ages and colours, from the grave and melancholy man, who from his manners and appearance you might suppose had a family, a history, and many misfortunes, to the laughing boy of seven, the vagabond and offcast of society, and the negro scarcely human.

I was at the Seraskier's when they arrived, (the commander in chief,) he had them all placed around a large hall; in five minutes they were registered, classed, and distributed. The young and good looking lads of from seven to nineteen or twenty, were placed in one lot, and first disposed of. The lame, defective, and advanced in years, in another. The melancholy man I saw marched off with a leper. The scarce human negroes were the last despatched. All however appeared to be of use in making up the composition of a great Turkish army.

You would think it extraordinary to see our secretary of war, or the commander in chief of our armies, attending to the detail of the examination and distribution of raw recruits ; but here they seem to go upon the principle, that that which is worth doing at all, is worthy the attention of the greatest officer of the Empire. It is so in all their details ; and I will venture to say, that in no part of the world are the different ramifications of the affairs of government better known to the chief than they are in this empire. The heads of the different departments here have a facility in doing business that is astonishing. They go with rapidity from one subject to another, and their minds appear in no way to be fatigued by the rapid succession of changes throughout the day. They are always ready for business, either at the porte, at their houses, or at their amusements.

They are at their offices early in the morning, their meals for the day are provided for them there ; and they remain until late in the afternoon. It would be to one of us a life of incessant and intolerable drudgery.

But to return to the recruits, and troops of the grand service. The first step is to cleanse them, put them in uniform, and try their qualifications and talent for music. Those who manifest a good taste in that way are placed in the musical quarters, where good masters are provided to instruct them. The rest are placed in the cavalry, artillery, or infantry barracks, where there are officers skilled in the

European tactics, who incessantly drill them. The smaller boys are appointed to wait on the officers and messes, until they are of an age to carry a musket, which is about ten or twelve years. I have seen them very frequently doing the duty of sentinel between those ages, and it is astonishing how fond they have become of the new discipline. It is very common to see them, while on post, giving to themselves the word of command, and going through the exercise with as much regularity and gravity as if they were on drill. They are a cheerful, good-natured set of fellows, and are brought up to know only the duties of a soldier, to make and mend their own clothes, knit their stockings, and to be strictly obedient.

I have never seen any punishments inflicted except that of being turned into the awkward squad or drill, for they always have one ready, a little in the rear of the more skilful. This, and the laugh of his companions, seem sufficient; the corporals, however, carry sticks, and no doubt sometimes have to use them.

I have seen a good deal of them, and have talked a good deal with them. They are very proud of Pada Chah, as they call the Sultan, and all that he does is right; they receive from him monthly ninety cents. They get two loaves of bread a day, about one and a-quarter pounds, oil, and salt. This, with soap to wash their clothes, needles and thread, are deemed by them all that is wanting. I have never seen an infantry, an artillery, or cavalry man over

the age of thirty in the army of Pada Chah. There are some among the corps of pioneers perhaps of thirty-five, but I do not think more, and they are selected for their full bushy black beards, which all the world over, I know not why, are esteemed absolutely necessary for pioneers. Their dresses and accoutrements are not dissimilar to the pioneers of France and other countries.

When I first came here the dress of the troops of the Sultan had an *outré* appearance. It was not Turkish, nor was it strictly Christian. It was something between the two. They had attempted a reform, but had not gone through with it. It consisted of a red woollen cap, fitting close to the head, with a full blue tassel from the top; a blue jacket fitting snugly to the body, and blue or white trousers, with a red edging down the seams; the jackets also trimmed with red, in full dress red facings; the belts of the cartouch box and of the scabbard both white.

In adopting this dress, they forgot to adopt the European shirt, collar and frill, and they continue still to wear, when they do wear a shirt (not a very common circumstance) the long Turkish shirt, made like a smock, reaching to the ankles. The consequence is that the whole of this surplus linen has to be disposed of around and about the seating part of the pantaloons, and although it may be very comfortable in a sedentary position, has a very queer look when they are erect and in motion. They might safely defy the bastinado inflicted on

that part at least, and perhaps in retreat a musket ball. Those who have shortened their under garment, so as to be able to dispose of it conveniently, or have dispensed with it altogether, seem to be of very fair proportion and appearance; the others resemble somewhat the bottle-tail spider, or jacko with his tail coiled away in his trowsers.

Take any of them, however, individually, and off parade, they will not bear a close examination. In the first place, they, like all soldiers, keep their best clothes for parade, and wear the worst for fag; secondly, they are not a handsome race of men, and are not selected for their personal appearance; youth, health, strength, and activity, are all that is required. They have none of the erect stately appearance of the European soldier; they have never had the crook whipped out of their backs and shoulders, and have never been taught their stiff automaton gait. They therefore, when off drill, or parade, go slouching along with great clodhopper strides, shoulders bent, and arms swinging like pendulums.

On parade, however, where the defects of the individual are lost in the general mass, their appearance is very good; and I must confess that I have not a sufficiently instructed military eye to detect more errors and defects in their manoeuvring, than in any body of other troops that I have seen parade.

A short time ago I was at an encampment of eight thousand men; more order, quickness, and regularity of discipline I never before witnessed; and their large and beautiful white tents, with green

· painted tops had a magnificent appearance. They were spread over an extensive plain nearly opposite Constantinople, below Scutari, and near the site of ancient Chalcedon.

I visited the tents of the Commander in Chief and most of the other officers. They were canvass palaces, lined with the richest embroidered stuffs, the ground covered with rich Turkish carpets, divans, &c. &c.

There had been the day before I visited the spot a tent of surpassing richness, made for the circumcision of the Sultan's son, a boy of seven years of age; all the boys in the city of Constantinople of the same age were circumcised at the same time. I was not so fortunate as to see it. Some traveller will no doubt favour the world with a description of it and of the ceremony.

The dress of the officers is quite becoming; it is similar to that of the soldiers, with this difference, that when on parade they wear a blue frock-coat, straight breasted and standing collar, generally embroidered with gold, or black lacework. On the breast is a diamond crescent, and between the horns a diamond star; from the left shoulder hangs a number of gold chains attached loosely to the fastenings of the badge on the breast. These ornaments only vary as to their value down to the lowest classes, except the corporal, who wears a brass, or silver plated star only. The caps of the officers are made to stand more erect, like the crown of a hat, flat on



the top, and only want the rim to make them quite a good finish to the upper man.

Around the waist is a richly embroidered belt, to which is appended a stout serviceable French sabre.

The dress of the Sultan varies only from this in its greater richness.

The turban is entirely done away with among those in the service of the Sultan, and he who should dare to put it on, would lose it, and his head in the bargain.

As to their military music, it is perfect ; none can be better. The drum and the fife predominate, and they ought to ; but their other instruments are played with great skill. The Sultan's band is composed of native performers, and they play like masters of their profession.

The extensive barracks erected in the vicinity of Constantinople, in Smyrna, and other parts where troops are established, would do credit to any part of the world. They are beautiful buildings in a simple, chaste style of architecture, and are placed so as to secure every advantage desirable—health, security, &c. &c.

In fact, the progress in military improvement exceeds every thing that I ever had an idea of ; and that they already feel the advantage that will result from the disciplined and combined movement of regular troops, instead of the loose swaggering Janissary, (his own master) or the ragged and undisciplined rabble which were formerly swept together

from the different provinces, is very evident from the tone latterly assumed by the Sultan, and his delay in paying the national debt to Russia.

Every eye was on the Poles, and the fall of Warsaw was as deeply deplored here as in any part of the world, and with interested sympathy. It was truly Turkish to be sure. To give you an idea of the nature of it—the commander of the Sultan's guards, who is an accomplished soldier, and speaks French well, said to me, "What did those thirty thousand Poles lay down their arms for? Why did they not make farther resistance? the reply was, to save their women and children. "Bah!" said he, "what signifies a parcel of women and children?"

I have mustered together a few sketches; while writing this an Armenian dropped in with them; they will give you a pretty good idea of some of the things I have been describing in this and in other letters.

With the same regard I have always cherished for you, and yours, and good wishes for every individual belonging to your family,

Believe me truly yours.

## LETTER VI.

Buyuclerè, Nov. 7, 1831.

MY DEAR ———

THERE is no dearth of matter for a letter in this country : turn your eyes where you will, you will see before you a fruitful field for description, and the indulgence of curiosity, whether you look at the manners, habits, or morals of the people, or the country in general. At this moment there is before me, at the distance of about four miles or less, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, the Giant's Mount, or what by some is called "the cradle," and by others the "grave of Hercules." It is the highest land in this neighbourhood, rises rather abruptly from the sea, is covered with low shrubbery, except at the top, where there are a few rather dwarfish looking trees in a clump, which afford a shelter from the sun to the goatherds and shepherds who attend their flocks on the side of the mountain. On the side next the Bosphorus are extensive quarries of limestone, whence Constantinople and the vicinity draw their principal supply of lime for building. Not far from thence is a beautiful clump of plane trees on an elevated terrace, where there is a cool and refreshing fountain and kiosk, where the Turks

resort to indulge in their favourite beverage, coffee, and in their greatest of all luxuries, the chibouk or pipe. From thence passing over a verdant lawn, you ascend by a steep and fatiguing zig-zag pathway to the top of the mount.

On arriving at the summit you find, as you find in every pleasant place, a coffee shop, a kiosk, rather small, but very neat, belonging to the Grand Scignor, a small mosque, and you discover one of the finest views in the world. Mount Olympus is very clearly and distinctly visible with its extensive chain of eternal snow-covered hills, the Black Sea, the Bosphorus with all its beauties, the sea and islands of Marmora, with an extensive view of Asia with its beautiful and highly cultivated valleys, and the hills of Europe covered with vineyards. But above all is here to be seen the "Giant's Grave." It is guarded by a few blackguard-looking dervises, who have care of the mosque and keep the coffee shop. These are the holy men of Turkey, and more scurvy looking rogues you never set your eyes on. The top of the mountain is flat, and from appearance I have no doubt was levelled by the hand of man. The trees were also planted there, and afford pleasant shades to the numerous visitors who frequent the mountain to enjoy the splendid view, and to spend the day in pic-nics, of which Turkish women are very fond; they call it spending a day of *keff*, that is, a jollification. The men very seldom or ever accompany them. The Armenians and the Greeks are equally fond of these merry-makings,

which consist chiefly in taking their pipes with something to eat, seating themselves cross-legged on their small Persian carpets under the shade of a tree near a fountain and a coffee-house, which are to be found everywhere, smoking their pipes, drinking their coffee, and eating their piloff, a preparation of rice, without uttering scarce a word. The Armenians sometimes in their keffis accompany their women and children. The Turk never, or very seldom, and the Greeks always. The Turks are gravity itself; the Armenians all humility; and the Greeks have all the levity, vivacity, sprightliness, and gallantry of the Frenchmen, living under a government that despises and oppresses them. Still they appear the happiest of the creation; such is the pliability of human nature, and the ease with which it accommodates itself to circumstances without losing its original character. They were born in slavery, they have lived in slavery, they have known nothing better, and they are happy. All the Greek displays itself in their character. If you hear a guitar or a fiddle, a mandolin or a tambourin, you may rest satisfied that there is in the spot from whence the sound proceeds, a jollification of Greeks. They are the French of this country; they have every characteristic of the French about them. Fond of dress, fond of women, fond of pleasure of every description, particularly that kind of pleasure which proceeds from the contribution which each individual makes to society. Fond of their country, a country they have never seen; but their fondness

manifests itself in the patriotic Greek airs which mingle themselves in all their festivities, and in spite of Turkish jealousy, and Turkish guards, resound from one extreme of the Bosphorus to the other. But to the Turks, it is "all Greek;" they see their happiness, they despise their levity, but they cannot enter into their feelings; and they understand not one word of what they say or chant. In the palace of the Pacha of the Dardanelles I have heard a patriotic song of the Greeks, sung to the tune of the Marseilles hymn, and with words, as explained to me, as full of fire and enthusiasm, with sentiments which made the Greeks almost frantic, for they acted what they sung; but it gave no offence to the Pacha and his officers, "it was all Greek."

But to return to the "Giant's Mount." Byron, in the fifth canto of *Don Juan*, speaks of the "Giant's Grave," meaning the mount, because you cannot see any thing from the grave, as it is enclosed between high brick walls. "'Tis a grand sight from off the giant's grave," &c., speaking of the Black Sea, of which he says with more truth than delicacy,

"There's not a sea the passenger e'er pukes in  
Turns up more dangerous breakers than the Euxine."

M'Farlane calls this mountain "the cradle of Hercules, or Giant's Grave—a stark, bare, gloomy mountain, with a few dwarfish trees, crippled and bent to the south by the prevalence and violence of the northern gales, fringing its lofty and tempest-beaten

brow." Now as neither of these authors is strictly correct in description, location, or name, I have myself climbed to the very tip top of the mountain, and I have also not only the 'Turkish authority for its name, but for the veritable history also. The name in Turkish is "Aúchá dédé," which means nothing more nor less than the "GIANT'S MOUNTAIN."

The dervise on the mountain, who has charge of the mosque and grave, as well as of the coffee establishment, and whose authority, I presume, no one will doubt, informed me, "that a *long time ago*, when, he could not tell how many years, a giant by the name of *Usha*, the son of Japhet, brother's son, or nephew to Moses, inhabited the mount, which he took possession of soon after the flood: that he was of immense stature and a great prophet, who every body came to worship. He was so large that he could sit on the top of the mountain and wash his feet in the Bosphorus, which I should think was nearly if not quite a mile off. To step over to Europe, without even his seven league boots, was an easy feat, like stepping across a gutter. He lived here many years a life of great sanctity, and died at last of starvation, having consumed every thing eatable in the surrounding country, and eaten all the fish in the Black Sea and Marmora, which were his fishponds. After his death the inhabitants of the neighbourhood—that is, of Europe and Asia, assembled in consultation, to know what was best to be done, apprehensive that if he lay exposed to the air, pestilence would soon follow the famine he occasioned.

There was not room for him on the top of the mountain, a space of about ten acres ; they therefore determined to take off his head, and separate his body at the navel, the trunk to be buried on the mountain, where the grave now is, the members and head elsewhere. They do not know precisely where. The length of the grave is fifty-four feet, and the width about seven or eight feet: it consists of slabs of freestone set on their edges, and secured together by iron clamps. The slabs have an elevation of about a foot from the ground to the upper edge, and are about four or five inches thick. They enclose the place where the giant's trunk is said to lay, and are filled in with rich dirt, wherein are growing various kinds of flowers. It has all the appearance of having been intended originally for a flower bed, and which I should have supposed it to be, had I not been better informed by the veritable history which I have given to you. As I before observed, there is a brick wall enclosing the grave, the gate through which is always closed except for visitors.

At the head of the grave, which is elevated by part of the shaft of an ancient column, in the end of which is a mortise, where formerly stood the cross, (the emblem of Christianity,) stands a money-box, where the pious deposit their contributions for prayers for his soul's rest ; and at the foot is another shaft, which, perhaps, once held a dial to inform the Christian brethren who occupied the convent which then crowned this mount, how time, the enemy, the destroyer, and the perfecter of all things, progressed.



About the grave, chiefly at the corners, were several shrubs, to which were appended innumerable small slips of cloth as votive offerings.

A short distance from this mount, and on an elevation descending gradually to the Bosphorus, and higher up toward the Black Sea, are the remains of an old Genoese castle. It encloses a space of several acres; the walls are very high, and the citadel, or donjon keep, rises to an elevation above the rest of forty or fifty feet. Below are extensive dungeons, the entrances to which are stopped up, as there is some tradition, which is history for the ignorant, credulous, and superstitious, attached to them. From the castle to the sea are two walls, perhaps a quarter of a mile or more apart, containing between them sufficient space for the accommodation of its former inhabitants, places of exercise, gardens, &c., and for commerce, for which these walls were intended as a protection. They served as a kind of *Piræus*, to connect the castle with the sea, like that of Athens. Within the walls of the castle there are from fifteen to twenty very good houses, of their kind, which for centuries have been occupied by a singular people, who, it is said, were brought from the neighbourhood of Caucasus. They are said to profess a religion peculiarly their own, having no resemblance to that of any other people. They call it the religion of nature. They have laws and customs of their own also: they do not mingle with their neighbours, neither marrying with them, nor giving in marriage, and only have intercourse with the rest of the world

to dispose of the produce of the soil, which they cultivate about the castle, and to obtain the necessaries of life. At the time I visited the castle, this little community had been compelled to abandon their home for the want of water, and had taken up their residence in a village near the shore. The ancient pipes, which conducted the water from the platform of the citadel to the reservoir, had become damaged, and they were unable to repair them. I wandered over the little deserted settlement, and on the face of the citadel, fronting within, discovered a large slab of white marble, on which was sculptured in bas-relief, Christ crucified, too high for mussulman indolence to reach, and only slightly defaced by the stones which had been thrown or the balls which had been fired at it. At the corners, and in various parts of the walls of the castle, were to be seen the ends and sides of ancient marble columns, slabs with Greek inscriptions, and every thing bespoke the recent origin of this ancient and venerable structure, compared with that of the rich materials of which it is composed, and which perhaps assisted in the formation of a city or establishment that history has forgotten. In the neighbourhood of the castle is a Genoese graveyard, containing the remains of the former inhabitants. Time has nearly effaced the inscriptions.

I felt much interested about the people who had lately occupied the interior of the castle, and on descending to the village inquired for some of them. A handsome young man, very different in appear-

ance from the Turks, with light blue eyes, was brought to me. I made some inquiries into their customs and religion, he told me that his father, who was patriarch, could give me every information on the subject. I desired him to tell his father to come to my house, and I would reward him. The old man came at the time I had company, and was about going to dinner. On being asked their history, religion, &c. &c. he said, "In the first place, you must know that God Almighty, who lives away—away beyond the stars—Ay, farther off than the sun, or even the moon! he once took a piece of wet clay, and after working it and working it for some time in his hands, spitting on it occasionally, he made it in the form of an animal different from the rest, as it only had two legs; and after he had finished it, he tried to make it stand up, but it would not. Every time he tried he fell down. Well, so he took it to examine it, and holding it by the right leg, he opened the big toe, and the next one, and his breath blew between them. The figure immediately became animated, and walked about on its two legs. This creature he called man." The patriarch was about going on, but dinner was announced, and he was told that I had enough for my first lesson. He got a few piastres, and I have not seen him since.

Now in reference to the man of the mountain, although there appears much absurdity, there is a connexion with scriptural history. Usha, for example, is Joshua, and the Greek for Joshua is Jesus. To be sure, there is some confounding of ages and

families in making Japhet Moses's brother's son, and in confounding the time of the flood with that of Herod. But that Japhet had a son who was a giant, cannot be doubted, so long as the name of Magog is among those of his children, and so long as Gôg and Magog stand at Guildhall. As regards the creation of man, according to the patriarch, the process is not very dissimilar to our acceptation of the mode ; it only differs as to the part where the breath of life was blown in. To be sure, the old gentleman having come from the scene of action, and perhaps having better authority than Moses, might have felt himself justified in the statement he made, and going into particulars not mentioned in Scripture. I will try to have another interview with him, and shall hope to give you some precious scraps of history.

The enclosed translation of a label in Turkish, which a few days since was affixed on the breast of a decapitated criminal, exposed in the streets of Constantinople, may help you to form an idea of Turkish justice, which, take it by and large, as we, *once of the navy*, say, "*is not so bad neither.*"

The Greeks, when they have their hands chopped off, have them placed between their legs, far up the body, on the back. The Jews', *dans pareil circonstance*, are laid on their belly, the head between their legs far up. The Turk is laid on his back, with his head under his right arm, and appears to be marching off to Paradise with great dignity and composure.

The Sultan has lately established a newspaper, edited by a Frenchman of talent, named Bloque, formerly editor of a paper in Smyrna. It appears to be got up chiefly for the purpose of vindicating the character and policy of his highness, and to aid in establishing his popularity. If all which is said of him in it is true, as I have no doubt it is, it goes to prove that he is capable of making wonderful efforts to gain the good opinion of mankind, and to show the high price at which he estimates it. Among all his reforms, and the introduction of European novelties into his dominions, this is the most beneficial and effectual, as he cannot consistently do otherwise than practise the virtues he proclaims to the world, which in time may become habitual, and from which his subjects will derive great advantage.

I send you the first number of this paper. It is entitled the "Ottoman Monitor." The editorial articles, as well as the historical, are written with great ability. I wish I had time to translate it for you; it is worth translating, for it lets you more into the Turkish character than volumes of books made up by the thousands of travellers who flit through this country, seeing only the exterior of things, and knowing not one word of the many languages spoken in it. It is published in French, Turkish, Armenian, and Greek; and if there is a great demand for it, it is said it will be published in other languages. Every thing here is reduced to a calculation as to the profit in money which it will bring, and the Sul-

tan expects, that besides the personal advantage to be derived from it, he will receive a nett revenue of three millions of piastres from the paper, or upwards of 166,000 dollars.

Before closing this letter, which is to be sure long enough in all conscience, I must offer a few historical notices respecting the Giant of the Mountain, for it seems that history and tradition do not jog hand in hand together in this case at least.

It appears that he was king of the Bythinians, and a great boxer and wrestler, as he well might be, if his strength was in proportion to his size. But still this did not daunt the bold Argonauts, whom he challenged on their passage. Pollux, the brother of Castor, "turned out to have a set-to" with him; and notwithstanding he had killed many others, the result of this "milling match" was the death of the giant, who used to challenge all strangers that came in his way, and when they could not be found, he practised on his own subjects to keep his hand in.

His name was Amycas; he was the son of Neptune by one Miss Melia. You will find some account of him in the Classical Dictionary, but not so particular and correct as this.

The Christians, it seems, afterward made a saint of him, and the Turks have since made him a der-vise, a full-grown one certainly.

With great regard,

Yours truly.

## LETTER VII.

Buyucderè, Jan. 11, 1832.

MY DEAR

I REALLY think I ought to apologize to you for sending you so much undigested trash about men and things in this part of the world. In fact I fear I am imposing on your good nature. However, you recollect what I said in a former note, "throw them into the fire if you don't like them." I shall finish Hussein as soon as I get time, and send you the remainder; then wait until I hear from you before I send you any thing more.

Tell me whether I shall send you any more of the *Monitor*. I only consider it useful and interesting as showing the daily efforts and the improvements going on in this vast empire. What I have sent you of my own translations, &c., I have not read once; therefore, *sans doute*, you will find many errors of commission and omission. Scratch out and fill up as you please to make sense of them, if you have patience to run your eye over them.

I have a good deal to do here one way and another, and not a soul to help me. I am almost alone in this old world; no society to think like me or any other American. I have, God knows,

diplomacy enough around and about me—ceremonious visits to receive and return with the minister, more than I can “shake a stick at,” but what are they compared to a single friend, a glass, and a cigar.

I am in a perfect Babel, so far as language is concerned, but now speak English, which was invented after the famous confusion of tongues. So far as my knowledge extends I believe it was the last that was invented. No one knows any thing of new inventions here. Hebrew, Greek, Turk, Armenian, Persian, Copt, German, French, Italian, strike the ear at every instant, but not one word of English. I am too old to learn, but not too old to forget; and on my life I fear I shall return home, if I live to return, dumb. I beg you to remind me sometimes that there is a country in the world where English is written, if not spoken. There are here dreadful apprehensions of the cholera next summer; if it does come it will make great havoc. The desolation will be tremendous.

How often, my dear —, do I think of you, and of the many pleasant hours I have spent in your society. I often wonder if we shall ever meet again.

Remember me affectionally to Mrs. —, Miss —, and the children, and believe me most truly yours.



## LETTER VIII.

Buyucderè, Jan. 28, 1832.

MY DEAR ———,

You will admit, I am sure, what all the world, who say they know me, deny, to wit: that I am a man of patience. How can I be otherwise when I continue to write to you for such a length of time, and in such quantity, without receiving a line from you of any description whatever.

I think I must have sent you enough, if you have any inclination that way, to have made a tolerable good Turkish tale, but I have sent you no romance; yet I have been afraid sometimes that you would think there was romance in the hail storm. Happily I have got wherewith to confirm almost every thing I said on that subject, and from the pen of the Rev. Mr. Walsh, so advantageously known by his work on Brazil, and by his journey from Constantinople. I enclose his account, which in some respect is more minute than mine, as he gives the size of the stones from measurement, whereas I could only guess at them, having enough to do to take care of myself by means of a thick bullock hide, which I fortunately had in the boat.

I sent you, at different times, the biographies of

several living and recently dead distinguished Turkish dignitaries. You will observe that all without exception have taken their origin from common life, and with the exception of Hali Pacha, have risen from the lowest ranks, and are without education. Thus you see how extremes meet in governments as well as in every thing else. In our Republic, certainly the freest country in the world, distinctions of birth weigh as nothing, and any man may aspire to honours and office. It is the same thing in Turkey, one of the purest despotisms on the face of the earth. The cause, however, of this apparent similarity is as different as day and night. In the United States, this general eligibility to office, is owing to the universal equality recognised in the laws and the constitution: in Turkey, there is the same equality in the eye of the Sultan, who is placed at such an immeasurable distance above the rest of mankind, that they all appear to him like pigmies of the same size and dimensions. The barber and the bashaw are equally slaves. Here is a cloud of philosophy for you.

There is something in these Turks which strikes every one with great force and astonishment. How it is I know not; but take a man from the dregs of the people, and make him prime minister, and his character is instantly changed; he seems to have been formed by nature for the office; make him grand vizier (general in chief), he has all the qualifications for a field martial; make him capudan pacha, and he has more dignity, if not as much

talent, as Nelson. There is no office, from the highest to the lowest, in the empire, that he is not qualified to fill.

A Turk is naturally grave, or affects to be so. They are a handsome race of men, large and of noble stature. Their dress is admirably calculated to show off their figures. The Sultan, I should think, in his choice of officers, judges more by his eye than by his other senses, for they are generally among the handsomest men I have seen. They are elevated to office; their beard is cultivated and trimmed with as much care as an old fashionable Dutch cedar; the richest and most magnificent clothes are put on them; they receive you seated cross-legged on a large magnificent divan of rich velvet, trimmed with gold, in a large and splendid chamber. You pass through a line of richly dressed slaves and attendants, perhaps forty or fifty in number; the master receives you without speaking a word; he makes a motion to be seated a few feet from him. After a little while a slave on his knees presents you a *chibouk*, or pipe, about seven or eight feet long, richly decorated with a gold and amber mouthpiece; next a cup of coffee. Conversation now commences; he asks you how long it has been since you arrived? you answer, although you know that he knows as well as yourself. Question. Are you pleased with the country? Yes, very much. Question. Have you been up the Bosphorus? Yes. Question. How do you like it? Very much, it is beautiful. Question. What

do you think of Constantinople? Very grand, but I have not had time to see much of it. After this, some sweetmeats in a glass vase are offered to you, with a small gold spoon, of which you take a spoonful. This is passed round among all the visiters. Next a glass of sherbet, and last of all, a rich silk or velvet cloth is thrown over you, and you are sprinkled with rose water. The conversation and the audience are at an end; you rise, make your bow, and retire. On my arrival I was presented to all the ministers in succession at their palaces. The same questions, the same answers, were asked and given, and the same ceremony took place. The rich vesture; the fine appearance of the man; the silence and humble postures and actions of his slaves and attendants, all are calculated to produce an impression of awe and respect, and without thinking of his probable origin, and knowing nothing of his character, history, or qualifications, you are governed in all this theatrical pageantry by the eyes; you leave him with high impressions of his dignity and greatness; and in this, in my opinion, consists the greatness of a Turk. They are shrewd, cunning, and sagacious. They have power in their hands which they can use at pleasure: but they are indolent, and, except under excitement, are too much so to use it. They sit cross-legged from morning till night, with their pipes in their mouths, but their secretaries and men of business are at work. There are hours appointed for receiving visits of ceremony; hours for the reception of petitioners, and hours for

hearing official papers read, and seeing the seal applied to them in place of a signature.

It is not necessary that a minister should know how to write his name, or even to read. He has got his seal-bearer to apply his seal, and his secretary to read and write for him; his chief business is to smoke his pipe and to behave with dignity; that is, to be grave and sit crossed-legged; all the rest is done for him by others, and if it is not done well, "off with his head."

It seems that Papoutchi Pacha (shoemaker Pacha) was one of those who owed his elevation to his good appearance. He was at work in his shop, the Grand Seigneur was passing, and observing Papoutchi, said to one of his attendants, "That man shall some day be Captain Pacha." This was mentioned to Papoutchi; he smiled and said, "How can that be? I know not how to perform the office." But notwithstanding this, Papoutchi did become Captain Pacha, and "performed the office" to the satisfaction of his master. Papoutchi smoked his chibouk, looked as grave as his colleagues, and was a favourite of the Sultan to the hour of his death. Papoutchi had lived at Galata, where he was known to all the *Kuigees* (boatmen), and was a great favourite with them. After his elevation, he obtained an immense influence over them, and through their assistance, was one of the principal means of destroying the janizaries, as you will see by the sketch of his life I have sent you.

Here there is nothing like family distinctions.

A man is respected for what he is, and not on account of those from whom he descended ; and education even seems to have nothing to do with his elevation to the higher offices. On the contrary, it seems rather to be an obstacle. He may, by means of the latter, attain to the elevation of the useful classes, and thereby obtain much influence over his chief ; but in the higher orders, education is not indispensable. A general superintendence is all that is required in them. I can readily conceive that a man may be a good general or a good admiral without being able to go through the manual exercise or strap a block. It is this useful class who make secretaries, seal-bearers, Turgemans, &c. &c. It is the youth of the seraglio, generally Georgians or Circassians, remarkable for their beauty, and well educated within its walls, who in the end are employed about the dignitaries and perform the labour of their office. They are instructed in the elevated language of the court, which is altogether different from the vulgar Turk, and make up for the deficiencies of their masters. Many of these beautiful youths, male and female, are annually sold in the slave market of Constantinople. Many of them, as presents and otherwise, find their way within the walls of the seraglio, where they are educated and employed as pages ; many are adopted by their purchasers, or are educated with their own children ; but most of them, if they have qualifications, in time arrive at rank and fortune. A singular circumstance occurred while I was at Tunis. The Sapa-

tap, or prime minister, a Georgian, about thirty-six years of age, was sent, on account of his extreme beauty, a present from the Grand Seignor to the Bey of Tunis. The Bey became very much attached to him; and from rank to rank he rose at length to that of sapatap.

Nearly about the same time, a young girl was sent, a Georgian by birth, and extremely beautiful. She was in time taken into favour, and placed in the harem of the Bey.

About six months before my arrival, she declared to some of the women in the harem, that the sapatap, whom she had seen through the lattice, and whom she had not met before for sixteen or seventeen years, although living in the same palace together, was her brother. This was mentioned to him; he laughed at the idea, and said he had no relation that had any knowledge of him whatever; that he had himself a very slight recollection of his family, &c. &c. This was reported to her. She sunk into a deep melancholy, which brought on a rapid decline; and for change of air she was removed to one of the country seats belonging to the Bey. His Highness told his sapatap, that she still insisted that she was his sister, and desired him to go and relieve her mind on the subject, as otherwise she would certainly die. He went and saw her. She was greatly agitated. "You say you are my sister," said the sapatap. "Yes," said she, "I am." "How many children had your parents?" "You and myself," she replied. "What were their names?" She

gave the names of his father and mother. "Then," said he, "if you are my sister, you have a scar on the upper part of your left arm, where a dog bit you." She stripped up her sleeve, and exposed the scar. He fell on her neck, and embraced her. "You are indeed my sister," said he: but she was then dying. Doctor Heap was sent for. I accompanied him to the place of her residence, where I heard the story from the mouth of the sapatap, while he shed abundance of tears. In a few days she was a corpse, and he the most wretched of men.

This, my dear ——, is a true oriental story, without a single embellishment, and, with the exception of the catastrophe, no doubt is an every-day occurrence. Fathers and mothers, in Georgia and Circassia, sell their beautiful sons and daughters to the slave-dealers, who dispose of them in different parts of the empire. Brothers and sisters find their way into the same palace unknown to each other, forgetting each other, forgetting and forgotten by their parents, until death closes the scene; and I believe it is time for me to close this letter also.

Respects to all the family, and believe to be

Most truly yours.



## LETTER IX.

Buyukderé, Jan. 28, 1832.

MY DEAR -

OF the fire of Pera, which has made so much noise, and of which so many accounts have been published, I have met with but one which is in every respect correct, and I enclose it to you. It is, I have every reason to believe, from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Walsh, chaplain to the British embassy. I presume it matters not to you who is the writer, provided it contains the truth, and you may rely on this as a perfect picture of that horrid scene. I have been over the ground frequently, and can vouch for all the destruction which he describes. But could you believe that a town of 10,000 houses, entirely destroyed in August, should have been already rebuilt? Such is the fact. Pera is entirely restored, with the exception of the palaces, which in all probability never will be. The story of the flying nails is a Turkish superstition or notion. They may be accounted for in two ways; hot nails sticking to clapboards or other light materials scattered about by the conflagration, and hot nails thrown among dry grass, or other inflammable substances, to spread the conflagration wider.

It is not to be doubted, that after many fires had taken place in Pera, and in various parts of Constantinople, and all within a day or two of one another, that a stop was put to them with blood—the universal *panacea*. Therefore it cannot be doubted that there were many incendiaries engaged in that work of destruction. How many were put to death I know not, but on one occasion, when I was at Constantinople, twelve headless trunks were exposed in the streets, and the same day the Reis Effendi informed me there would be no more fires. The Grand Seigneur at the same time gave public notice that there would be no more fires, and there were no more “for many days.”

This is now the last (or nearly) of January. I presume your rivers and bays are blocked up with masses of floating ice, and that you are shivering over your anthracite fires. I am now looking out on one of the most beautiful days imaginable. The hills surround the bay of Buyucderè covered with the green wheat and grass; the trees putting forth their buds and leaves, and all nature looking cheerful. The wind is from the south; fleets of from ten to fifteen or twenty sail of ships and brigs are hourly passing under my window to the Black Sea, and light sail boats and kaicks are flitting in every direction.

I send you a continuation of the history of Hussein Pacha, translated by my young friend. The English will amuse you, no doubt, as much as the biography. But to tell the truth, I have not the

time to spare to go over it again, and every day I feel myself more and more pinched for leisure for private correspondence, which is now almost entirely limited to you and my family.

I should be sorry, since I have begun, to stop short of conveying to you a perfect idea of the Turkish character, of Constantinople, and of the Bosphorus, on all of which volumes may be written ; but I really think sometimes that I am pestering you with things that you care nothing about. If so, say so ; but if not, and it is your wish, I will snatch a moment occasionally to drop you a line. There are such a variety of subjects that I scarcely know which to turn my attention to as most interesting. If there are any that would be more interesting than another, give me a list of them, and I will endeavour to gratify your curiosity. I do not consult books : I see the objects and describe them as they are.

Yours truly.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH  
OF  
PAPOUTCHY MEHMED, CAPUDAN PACHA,  
GREAT ADMIRAL.

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PAPOUTCHY MEHMED was born in Trebisonde, in Asia Minor, of poor parents, and arriving in Constantinople very young, became a shoemaker's apprentice. His master, being satisfied with his conduct, treated him with kindness, and behaved towards him like a father. At length he became so pleased with his application and assiduity at his trade, from which he took the surname of *Papoutchy* (shoemaker,) that he gave him his daughter in marriage, and after endowing her according to his means, left to Mehmed the right of succeeding to his shop. By this marriage Mehmed had one son, named Suleiman, who is now near the Sultan, in quality of page, and an officer in the imperial cavalry, with the honourable title of Suleiman Bey.

Papoutchy Mehmed, who to talents and bravery united an interesting countenance, a graceful person, and pleasing manners, now left the trade of

shoemaking, and assumed the post of *Tchavus* (Sergeant of the Arsenal), in which he conducted himself honourably; and possessed of an indefatigable activity, endeavoured by every means in his power to ascertain what would be agreeable to his superiors in office.

This assiduity and suavity of character procured him many commissions, which he executed with promptitude and correctness, thus procuring for himself a general esteem. By the probity and humanity with which he also protected the cause of the indigent and weak, and defended the widow and orphan, the poor and the innocent, he was afterward rewarded with the post of *Basch-Tchavus* of the Admiralty, in which station he displayed the same talents and virtues, which were demonstrated on occasion of some confidential affairs of the government. He now formed to himself a party, and although not knowing how to read or write, he evinced a just and sound discretion in the investigation of all affairs committed to his charge, and attained such an ascendancy over the minds of those connected with him, that all the plans of the local police for ascertaining the designs of the evil disposed, and of the janizaries especially, were confidentially intrusted to him.

Papoutchy Mehmed conducted himself with so much address and circumspection, that he rendered himself agreeable to all parties, and the government was so well satisfied of his merits, that it again testified its sense of his services by appointing him

*Wakil* (Lieutenant of the Police), and inspector of Galata, Pera, Saint Demetrius, and all the suburbs of Cassem-Pacha. He held this post a long time, and was at length made *Basch-Agha*, (Director of the Police.) The government and the foreign ministers were charmed with conduct by which the local police had acquired a vigour and efficiency in his hands, unknown before; and which was established under his auspices on a firm ground.

The exterior quarters of the arsenal wanting a general inspector, the Sultan saw fit, for particular objects, to raise Papoutchy to the rank of *Ursane Hieka Yassy* (Chief of the Correctional Police, and Intendant of the interior of the Admiralty), the duties of which were very complicated at that period, and it is to his superintendence, that these departments owe their subsequent improvement in the transaction of the business attached to them.

The Sultan, who had for some time planned the destruction of the janizaries, perceiving the necessity of having a man of his confidential character to watch these disaffected men, and obtain intelligence of their intrigues, thought fit to give to Mehmed this delicate and difficult office, and confided to him all the secret policy of the business. In other circumstances this would not have engaged the Sultan's attention; but Mahmoud had determined to repress the insolence of the janizaries, and ordered Mehmed to observe their motions secretly, and to transmit to him an account of all their proceedings; stipulating that an implicit obedience to the imperial orders

was to form the basis of his oath, and at the same time assuring him that he would fully recompense his zeal and fidelity in the service of the empire.

Papoutchy, having acquired considerable popular influence, received privately from his sovereign sums of money for distribution, by this means to increase his party. The janizaries had become more and more ungovernable; robberies, murders, and conflagrations, were of almost daily occurrence, and perpetrated by their *Ortas*, threatened not only the authority, but the very existence of the imperial government.

Papoutchy, however, being not only an honest, but a skilful man, applied all his courage and address at this crisis of affairs, in the execution of the Sultan's orders; and though possessed of the means of effecting a counter revolution, remained firm to the faith of his engagement and the interests of his sovereign. He distributed the money he had received judiciously, promised his favour to the deserving, and omitted nothing to secure the predominance of the party of which he was the distinguished head. Vast numbers of the *hamals*, of the bold and numerous class of boatmen, some even of the janizaries themselves, and vagrants, were enlisted in his interests. He exacted from every one of his party an oath enjoining the strictest obedience to his orders, and promised to conduct them on the first opportunity to victory and honour. He, in the meanwhile, kept a steady and strict police, and exerted so much address in his measures, that all parts of

the city appeared to be politically tranquil. Some of the partisans of Papoutchy expected to be led by him to increase the bands of the janizaries against their sovereign, instead of being confederated with him to support the throne, of which error they were soon relieved. It will now be worth while to give a slight sketch of the manner in which this momentous business terminated.

It was on the 15th of June, 1826, that the general destruction of the janizaries began in this capital. Papoutchy Mehmed having on the preceding night obtained intelligence of what was meditated by these desperate troops, without loss of time sent a confidential agent to the Sultan, who was then at the palace of *Top Kapou* of the seraglio, to apprise him, that he with all his party would immediately come to his succour, and that his troops would land at *Yaly-Kiosk*, near *Bastche-Capoussou*; and the Sultan, confident of his fidelity and devotion to his person, ordered the gate of the seraglio on the side of the garden to be thrown open. Charmed with the courage and firmness of Papoutchy, and in full reliance on him, the Sultan readily acceded to his proposal.

The Sultan immediately ordered all the nobility, ministers of state, and *Rigials*, grandees of government, to assemble near his person. When they arrived, they were astonished to see a large body of troops in the palace yard, commanded by the humble Papoutchy Mehmed, who soon after harangued them, stating that it was not to increase the



ranks of the janizaries he had assembled them, but that, cherishing them as brothers, he was anxious to lead them to the field of honour, and by surrounding the sacred standard of the *Sangiak Scheriff*, to aid him in the support of their august sovereign and his throne; adding, that at the moment in which he addressed them, the whole body of the rebellious janizaries in the capital, did not probably exist; that their barracks were destroyed; and that from a particular regard for them, he had saved their lives, and aided in preserving that of his sovereign and the Ottoman dynasty. He finally promised them money, posts, honours, and distinctions, on condition that they would confirm their oath of allegiance, which was immediately accepted.

Papoutchy was now hailed with the acclamations of his troops, who unanimously demanded to be led to the protection of the *Sangiak Scheriff*. The great door of *Baby-Houmayoun* was suddenly opened, and they marched with all the court and ministers to the square of Sultan Achmed, where the standard was placed by the brave and faithful Papoutchy, and where he was surrounded by a mass of Mussulmans and true believers, who assembled to support the Sultan and his throne. It was one of the proudest days for Sultan Mahmoud, and the conduct of Papoutchy had been so meritorious that he obtained the thanks and acknowledgments of the court and its ministers.

Papoutchy was soon after nominated *Galata-Nazir*, (General Governor, civil and military, and Di-

rector of the Imperial Chancery of Marine.) From this, he was raised to the eminent station of Great Admiral, and honoured with various decorations and a chain of diamonds. He commanded the Ottoman fleet at Buyucderè on the Bosphorus in the war against Russia, and exercised the functions of Great Admiral with much energy. Always active and enterprising, yet modest in his deportment, and following with precision the orders he received, he merited the esteem of the public, and that of the imperial government, who with his friends deplore his death, which was caused by a dropsy of the heart.

The only affair of consequence in which Papoutchy Pacha distinguished himself as Great Admiral, was on returning to Constantinople. The current runs strong down the Bosphorus, which caused him to suppose that there was no use for sails; the consequence was, that the frigate of the Admiral drifted on some rocks in mid-channel, and broke in two. This was his first and last feat as a *naval* character.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH  
OF  
HUSHREFF MEHMED PACHA,  
ACTING SERASKIER, OR FIELD MARSHAL.

HUSHREFF MEHMED, was a slave from Abaza, and was sold to a gentleman named Osman Effendi, and soon after, to Sufian Agha, *Cafedgy-Bachy* of Sultan Abdul Hamid.

In the year 1198 of the Hegira, Sufian Agha presented Hushreff Mehmed to the Sultan, with five other slaves, as a customary gift on the occasion of the birth of the prince, now Mahmoud the second.

Hushreff Mehmed, after having served eight years in the seraglio, was liberated from slavery, and in the year 1206 of the Hegira, accompanied Kioutchink Hussein, *Capudan Pacha*, or Grand Admiral, in quality of *Mouhourdar*, or Keeper of his Seal.

In 1210 of the Hegira, when Hussein Pacha was intrusted with the command of the expedition to Widdin, consisting of 60,000 men, against Pasvant Oglou, he appointed Hushreff Mehmed his *Kichaya-Bey*. On his return from Widdin in 1214, Hus-

sein Pacha was ordered to sail against Egypt, and at the termination of this naval expedition, Hussein Pacha, having full power, raised Hushreff Pacha to the dignified rank of Pacha of three tails, and governor of all Egypt. After an administration of eighteen months, he was driven out of Egypt by the rebels, and went to Rhodes, where he continued about six months.

In 1217 of the Hegira, Hushreff Mehmed was appointed governor of Salonica, (the ancient Thessalonica,) and two years after, was promoted to the government of Bosnia. Two years after this, he was made governor of Boly and Castomoni, in Asia Minor; and two years afterward, was nominated to the governorship of Silistria, on the Danube, where he fought against the Russians. Two years succeeding to this, he was raised to the high post of *Capudan Pacha*, and retained it seven years, during which period he was in constant activity in the Archipelago, and gained the friendship of several distinguished commanders, among whom were Commodore Rodgers, and the commanders of the French and English squadrons, and was ordered to destroy the *Dere Beys*, or rebels and pirates, who at that time infested the coast of Adallia. After this he was appointed governor of Trebisond, and in a few years following, was sent to Erzcrum, as *Seraskier*, or Field Marshal, against the Persians.

When Hushreff Mehmed had served the admiralty about four years, he was made governor general of Anatolia, in Asia Minor, and six months after-

ward, *Seraskier*, enjoying the highest favour of his sovereign, and having also the rank and title of *Du-elet Nasiry*, or Chief of the Divan, and Prime Minister, conferred on him. He has at this time all the Pachas under his command, being entitled by a *Hatty Houmayoun*, or carte-blanche, from the reigning sovereign, to act *ut alter ego*, in all transactions of the Empire, both civil and military.

## LETTER X.

Buyucderò, Feb. 9, 1832.

MY DEAR ———,

THERE is a village called Belgrade about eight miles to the north-west of this, to which I rode once for the purpose of seeing the bends for which it is celebrated, called the Bends of Belgrade. One of them, and the one thought the most beautiful, was built by Justinian. I have only seen three of them.

Bend, I believe, is a Persian word, and signifies a *belt*, confinement or *obstruction*. It may be rendered into English by the word *dam*, and is, in fact, the same thing, except on a scale of elegance and solidity of which we have scarcely an idea. All these are thrown across extensive ravines for the purpose of collecting water for the supply of the city of Constantinople, whence it is conveyed in aqueducts, and distributed by fountains to every part of the city. When I visited them they were nearly dry, and the scarcity of water was consequently so great in Constantinople, that it was sold about the streets in small quantities.

These bends are built of solid blocks of pure white marble, beautifully wrought, where the ornamented parts are seen, and clamped together by large iron

clamps. I had no means of measuring them, but the one which I most noticed, I supposed to be about eight feet from the base to the summit or platform, three hundred feet in length, and about thirty thick at the top, enlarged at the base. They are ornamented with long Turkish inscriptions giving the history of their erection, and the most modern have a species of marble throne placed there for the use of the Sultan, and looking towards the extensive lake which is formed after the heavy rains of winter.

In going from one to the other, you can trace the connexion which brings these several discharges into one general stream, and the whole united, crosses the valley of Buyucderè by a splendid aqueduct of from fifty to sixty feet high, uniting the mountains by means of arches which support it.

No pains or expense are spared by the Turks to procure a good supply of pure, fresh water; and it is surprising to see the immense number of fountains, large and small, that are in and about the city and the suburbs, many of them very large and highly decorated, all built of white marble furnished with brass cocks, and a polished bright cup suspended by a chain for the use of passengers. In every village along the coast of the Bosphorus, they are to be found, and detached ones, distant from any house, for the refreshment of those who may be travelling along its margin; and in many instances you may find them in the exterior walls of private houses for the use of the public. It is said that large legacies are sometimes left by pious Turks for the purpose

of erecting fountains, and for keeping them in order, believing that they can do no act more acceptable to God, than to multiply the means of distributing his greatest blessing, the first necessary of life, without which all others would be valueless and cease to exist. Every body has heard of the dogs of Constantinople; they have no masters, they roam at large, confining themselves to particular districts, and living on the offals which they find in the streets. But still, such is the consideration of the Turks for these unclean animals, that you will find earthen pots placed by the pious in almost every corner about the city, filled with water for their use. They make it a religious duty to divide, even with the dogs of the streets, this blessing which they receive from the bounty of God. On every fountain is inscribed some pious extract from the Koran—"God is great." "God is our protection." "It is God the bountiful, who gives us this," &c. &c. You will find these inscriptions also on every Turkish house of any note; and I must in justice say, that I never have, in the whole course of my life, been among a people so sincerely pious in their way, as the Turks. They are proverbially just in their dealings, and I have never known an instance since I have been among them, of an attempt to cheat me or overreach me, which is more than I can say of any other religious sect with whom I have had to deal, since I have been in the neighbourhood of Stamboul.

When presents are expected, they try to get as much out of you as they can; and give them ever



so much they are seldom satisfied. "*Bacsth Tasch*" is universal; if you hire a boat at a price fixed on, when she has rendered the service for which she was engaged, you must assuredly pay "*Bascth Tasch*," which is a present over and above the amount agreed upon, and there is more difficulty in settling "*Bacsth Tasch*" than the original bargain.

This system of "*Bacsth Tasch*" runs through every branch of society, from the Sultan down; there is nothing to be done without it; it is the stream which keeps the whole machine in motion. No favour, however small, is to be obtained without it. The first American vessel which arrived here with a cargo, met, of course, with some little difficulty, and it was necessary to resort to "*Bacsth Tasch*" to remove it. But the number to be "*Bacsth Tasch'd*" was alarming. There was the Caimacan Pacha—a bag of coffee and a barrel of sugar. The Seraskier, the Serkiatibe, the Reis Effendi, the Kiakiya; to Achmet Pacha, to Belikje Effendi, to the Mek-tanbdje Effendi, to the Teshrefaldje Effendi, and a half a dozen more, each a bag of coffee and a barrel of sugar, and then it was very doubtful whether so small a "*Bacsth Tasch*" would be received. The consignee was in a great quandary about it—fearful of failing in obtaining permission to enter the vessel without giving "*Bacsth Tasch*," alarmed at the quantity he must give, if he gave to all, and fearful of offending if he offered so little to each. In this dilemma, he determined to consult the old Capudan Pacha, Commodore Rodgers' friend, to whom he

stated his difficulties. "Mash Allah," says the little old man, "you are very right. There is too little for all of them; therefore, send all to me, and give yourself no farther trouble about the matter." The poor consignee was thunderstruck, but had to hoist out the bags and the barrels for the Capudan Pacha.

They have a queer one-sided way of looking at things. The minister, since he gave his presents, has received two or three intimations that some of them were not worth as much as they were marked at, but as they were some given to the inferior officers of the Porte, he paid no attention to the matter. Yesterday he received a message from the Belikje Effendi, informing him that he certainly had been cheated by the Armenian in the price of his snuff-box, and therefore, it was but fair that he should pay up the difference between the nominal value and the real, which was about 3,000 piasters as he said, (about \$180 out of \$1200.) The minister told his messenger to tell him to *fancy* that his box cost 3000 piasters less than it was marked, and all would be right. I don't know how his excellency will like this mode of rectifying matters. It was the only one the minister could think of, as they had "Batcsh Tasch'd" him out of every cent of his money. The deuce of it is, that they never think of giving "Batcsh 'Tasch" in return, at least so far as my experience goes.

I must, while I think of it, mention another anecdote respecting the old Capudan Pacha, to show his peculiar way of thinking. You must know that it

has not been very long since fire engines have been introduced into Constantinople for the purpose of extinguishing the frequent fires which happen there. These fire engines are like those we use in our gardens, for watering the beds and walks, and deliver about as much water as a good large syringe. When an alarm is given of fire, a man seizes on one of these and runs to the spot indicated, with the engine on his shoulder, another brings a skin of water, pours it into the reservoir, and they pump away. The water discharged being soon converted into hydrogen gas, serves to keep alive the flame and increase the conflagration. They had heard of the fire engines and fire companies of the United States—how half a shingle could be burnt, and the engines save the other half from the flames. They could not understand it. Mr. Eckford fortunately arrived with his beautiful ship, having one of our engines on board, requiring some twenty men to work it. The Capudan Pacha heard of it—"Mash Allah! let us see it," exclaimed the old man. The engine was brought on shore and placed in the navy yard; a short suction was fixed to it and put into the Bosphorus; men were set to work at it; the navy yard was soon inundated, and the Bosphorus began to run dry, "Mash Allah!" said he, "very good—but it will require a sea to supply it with water. It won't do for us, for there is no sea in the middle of the city." They have therefore thought best to stick to their squirts, and to let the fire spread, until the wind changes, or it is tired of burning.

Excuse this scrawl about matters and things in general. The mail goes this evening ; I have time to add no more.

Yours truly.

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## LETTER XI.

Buyuederè, Feb. 12, 1832.

MY DEAR ———,

I SOME time since hinted to you that I should send you sketches of the biographies of some of the leading men of this country. I now transmit you that of the accomplished Halil Bifaat, the Capudan Pacha. You no doubt will be surprised to find such a man in this empire, but I assure you that there is not one word of exaggeration in the account given of him, nor is one half said of him that his merit entitles him to. What I send you I have obtained from one who has known him from a boy, and is well acquainted with him and his protector, the old Seraskier, or Comander in Chief of the land forces.

I shall, from time to time, send you other sketches ; but you will find few so agreeable as that of Halil, who, in his rapid exaltation, has never been known to be guilty of an act of injustice, or cruelty, or to depart in the slightest degree from the same mild

and gentle character which distinguished and caused him to be beloved when a boy.

The winter is now commencing here. The weather is in general mild, but there is a roughness of feeling which makes a fire very necessary; although there are few houses here, and scarcely one in Constantinople, except those of the Seraglio, which have fireplaces.

The usual mode of keeping warm here is to place a pan of coals under the table, over which is thrown two thick stuffed and quilted coverlids: the family sit around the table, with their feet under it, and haul the coverlids over their laps and around them. This machine is called a *Tandour*. It is quite a social and agreeable mode of sharing heat, but by no means as much so as a fireplace. I have fireplaces in two rooms, and have found a man ingenious enough to make me two common sheet-iron Yankee stoves for other rooms; so that I am much better off than most people.

This is the season for catching mackerel here. They come down from the Black Sea in immense shoals; and thousands, ay, tens of thousands of boats come at the same moment into the Bosphorus, employed in taking them in seines and gill-nets. The quantity taken and sold every day would appear incredible. They are from five to six inches in length, and nothing can be more delicate than they are. By the time they get to Gibraltar they are half grown, and full grown when they arrive on the coast of America, three or four months hence.

The Black Sea appears to be the great nursery for the mackerel, as well as the palemedes, as they are called here, or the tunny fish, as they are called when full grown, and caught on the coast of Sicily, Italy, and Spain. Myriads of them are taken during the few weeks of their running. They are generally from a foot to eighteen inches long, and an excellent kind of fish for boiling. Indeed there is no place so abundant in fish as the Bosphorus, and there is no place where there are so many taken. From the windows and doors of most of the houses situated on this beautiful canal, they take fish with lines; and in the fine, calm, and beautiful summer mornings, the bay of Buyucderè may be seen swarming with kaicks filled with the ladies and gentlemen of the legation, and with those of the Frank families, and Armenians, and Greeks, engaged in the diversion of fishing. It, in fact, makes one of the few, and the principal, of the amusements of the country.

The large fishing boats which are employed for taking the mackerel and the palemedes, are generally fifty feet in length, narrow and sharp at both ends, and are of the best construction for velocity. They are rowed by eighteen active young Greeks, who make them fly through the water; and there can be no scene more animating than to see half a dozen of these boats approach the quay, on their return from their fishing excursions, laden with the fish which they have taken at a single haul of their seines. They pull with a strength, quickness, and

regularity, which is truly surprising, and the stroke of their oars in the water produces a most singular noise, which may be heard for more than a mile.

I had intended to have written you a long letter, but at the moment I had reached thus far, a gentleman offered to take my letter to the city, to put into mail bag. As there will be no other opportunity, I have been obliged to stop short.

Good wishes to you and yours.

## LETTER XII.

Buyucderè, Feb. 15, 1832.

MY DEAR —,

THE other day I visited Constantinople, and went through the Bazaars. Every body, I presume, has heard of the bazaars, and have, or think they have, some idea of what they are ; but that is impossible, unless they have visited them, and more than once. They occupy a large quarter in the city ; their streets, as far as the eye can extend its vision in every direction, are arched over and lighted by large sky-lights ; the sides of the streets are divided off into spaces of from six to ten feet, and are occupied by small shops placed against the wall, and filled with

articles of sale of every description that can be conceived, and many that I should never have conceived or known the use of, if I had not seen and had them explained to me. There are bazaars for every kind of merchandize or article; one, the extent of which I should think, from recollection, was not far short of half a mile, for shoes; another for saddles and bridles; another for the sale of furs; another for cloth; for silks; for stockings and socks, &c. &c. and, in fact, there are bazaars of immense extent for the sale of every thing that can be named. At each, and in front of the small shops before named, is seated a Turk, a Jew, or an Armenian, elevated on a small stage or platform, so that, by turning a little to the right or left, every thing in his establishment is within his reach; and here he sits from morn till night waiting the custom of the many thousands of men and women with which the streets of the bazaars are crowded. There are no women in the world so fond of shopping as the Turkish—not even our fair countrywomen. At all hours it is difficult to get by them; and the poor Jews, Turks, and Armenians have more cause to hate them for the trouble they give, than ever had one of our most white-handed, handiest, and dandiest counter-jumpers.

The interior of the squares left by the intersections of the streets, are on all sides built up two and three stories high, with galleries, supported by columns, and divided into rooms, which serve as workshops for the preparation and manufacture of



articles for the bazaars, and for the storage of merchandize. These are called Khans. It is utterly impossible to make any sort of calculation or estimate of the number of persons employed in the khans and bazaars, and of the purchasers who visit them. Almost every shop, however small, is occupied; and in a great many instances, a little shop of not more than six feet extent, will have two occupants with distinct interests. It is the same in the khans. Besides this, there are thousands of itinerant venders, whose whole stock in trade does not amount to half a dozen piasters; and yet this capital will double itself half a dozen times a day. For example: a man will obtain on credit or purchase a pipe mouthpiece from among some old trash in the bazaars, or from some person in want, for four or five piasters; he cleans it up to show to advantage, then cries it through the bazaars, with a loud voice, for sale, and the "*last bid*" he had for it, (although he never had a bid), generally half as much again, or as much again, as it cost. Still the mouthpiece is cheaper than a new one, and equally as good. The Turks are a nation of smokers, and smokers will have mouthpieces; and as some cannot afford to buy new ones, they get the cheapest they can. He is not long in getting a purchaser. In a few minutes afterward you will meet the same person with a pair of half-worn breeches, crying them up "as good as new,—twenty piasters—the last bid," for what cost him from six to ten. Every body wears breeches in Turkey. It is inconceivable the bel-

lowing these fellows keep up, and the rapidity with which they elbow themselves through the crowd. The women are also great traffickers, and thousands of them every day attend the bazaars to sell some of their household goods, or part of their dress, or ornaments, to raise cash. For this purpose also these running auctioneers are employed. It is, in fact, one of the most busy and animated scenes in the world, and I never tire in visiting the bazaar.

Here are to be seen men of every nation under the sun, except, perhaps, some of our interior tribes of Indians. Turks of course, Jews and Armenians, Georgians, Circassians, Persians, Bulgarians, Moldavians, Wallachians, Franks of every description; and I have met with even Hindoos and Chinese, all engaged in buying and in selling. There is no man in Constantinople, however rich, and there is no man, however poor, who is not a chafferer and a barterer. The beggar, or the whirling worthless dervise, will sell you toothpicks, and the Sultan will sell you diamonds. The magnificent fan and snuff-box the minister gave him, were manufactured within the walls of the seraglio, and by persons employed by him. He has also his shops in the bazaars, for the sale of articles prepared by the women of the seraglio and the slaves. The gilded perfume enclosed, which is for the purpose of laying in the tobacco when you light your pipe, was prepared in the seraglio, and bought by me from the Sultan's shop, where there were a great variety

of articles for sale, and among others, the Greek cross, to be worn on the neck of Christian Greeks.

My object principally in this visit, was to go to the Arm Bazaar, for the purpose of purchasing some antiquated weapon of war, of which there are an immense variety to be seen, from the heavy battle-axe of the crusader, to the light Tartar spear, of upwards of twenty feet in length. From the elegant double-barrelled highly finished percussion, up to the outre, clumsy, uncouth gun, with a square butt, with the back part of the lock towards the muzzle, and the pan towards the eye, which it is impossible to snap without winking. Janizary sabres and executioners' swords, and a variety of odd machines for killing people, old and new, which have no name. After wandering about some time, looking at the articles, I asked the keeper of one of the stands, to show me one of the oldest and most curious things he had in his possession of the arm kind, as I wanted to buy it as a curiosity, not for its utility. He turned round, and after rummaging some time, he pulled out an old French horse-pistol, covered with rust, and with the cock and the stock broken. He told me that was the oldest and greatest curiosity he had, and the most useless. I could not make him understand that I wanted that which was curious to me, and not that which was curious in his eyes. I tried another, and another; it was always the same thing, some old gun or pistol, of European manufacture, was invariably produced. I therefore deferred purchasing until another visit.

I saw, however, an article, which I think I shall buy, if I can get the history of it. It is an old executioner's sword, apparently much used, which the old Turk assured me had been for thirty years hanging on the same nail, in his shop, without any one before ever having asked the price of it. It is an extraordinary weapon, and admirably calculated for making a clean cut.

Finding myself near one of the heavy iron-plated gates, which close up the bazaars, and a man standing by ready to shut it, I passed through. He was evidently waiting for me to pass, as it was immediately closed and secured. I asked the reason of this, and no one could tell.

On leaving the arm bazaar, we entered another, open at the top, and on the opposite side of the way, I discovered an aged Turk, sitting cross-legged on one of the platforms, in conversation with a common soldier; he was meanly clad, and I supposed him to be the shopkeeper. I thought I had seen him before, but could not call to mind where. I asked my Armenian interpreter who that was; he whispered in my ear, "It is the caimacan, and the Sultan is not far off." The caimacan is of the higher order of confidential ministers, and is the one who has the honour of placing at the foot of the throne letters for the Sultan. It was to him the letter from the President to the Sultan was delivered by our minister. I believe I described to you the interview with him.

The old man looked at me as though he had some

slight recollection of me ; I raised my hat to him, and saluted him in the Turkish style ; before returning my salute, he touched his companion, the soldier, and whispered to him ; the latter turned round and looked at me, and whispered in turn ; the caimacan then returned my salute with a familiar smile.

I was told by my interpreter, that if I would remain where I was I should soon see the Grand Seigneur. I asked where he was ; he replied, In the khan, the entrance of which was near the caimacan. He had hardly done speaking, when several soldiers came out of the door of the khan, and one among them, having on a coarse gray capote, with his chaplet in his hands, counting his beads, appeared, from taking the lead of them, to be of the rank of corporal.

“That is the Grand Seigneur,” said my interpreter. “Who, the man with the black beard, the soldier’s capote, and beads in hand?” The caimacan left his shop-board, and joined the Sultan. When directly opposite to me, he whispered in the Sultan’s ear, loud enough to be heard by me : the Sultan, and all his suite, turned round and looked me full in the face. I had a fine opportunity of seeing him. His face is what may be called handsome, florid, and the expression is that of good nature ; he is forty-seven years of age, and were not his beard dyed of a jetty black, I should have supposed him to be of that age. He is somewhat round shouldered, which is generally the case with Turks of the higher order, brought on from the postures in which they sit, and has an ungraceful,

rolling, sauntering kind of walk. All his followers, near his person, were in the habits of common soldiers, and without arms, except about a half dozen of his pages, some distance in the rear, in light blue frock coats, with their swords and diamond badges. The Sultan is about five feet nine inches high, and of good proportions.

There was a very old man, bent double with age, sitting on a shop-board, at a corner a little above where I stood; the shop was untenanted. The Sultan, in passing him, said, "how do you do, my old friend?" his reply was, "very well," but this is Ramadan, and you know I have got no money." The Sultan smiled, and made some reply, which was not explained to me, and then spoke to one of the persons in the soldiers' dress, who gave the old man 120 piasters, a little more than six and a half dollars.

The Sultan continued on to a public square near the palace of the seraskier. I kept along in his neighbourhood. There were thousands of men, women, and children, more of women than of men, many of them with their faces nearly uncovered, and most of them with their veils so thin they might as well be without them. I described to you before the kind of veils they wear; many of the higher orders were in Arabas, which I have also described.

On the side of this square, near the walls of the palace, the seraskier has erected a great number of beautiful little shops, which are very tastefully fitted up, and rented out as fancy stores, coffee-shops,

&c. &c. Among them is a room reserved for the Sultan, which he entered. I had been invited in just before his arrival at the door; there was a neat kind of throne of cushions placed for him. I left it an instant before he entered, and there I left him.

So much for the bazaars and Sultan Mahmoud. Had you before an idea of either?

Yours most truly.

### LETTER XIII.

Buyucderè, Feb. 26, 1831.

MY DEAR ———,

It is now blowing a heavy gale of wind from the north, and we have at the same time a snow storm that would do no discredit to any part of our country. It reminds me so much of home, that to fix my thoughts there for half an hour I determined to write you a letter. But where shall I begin? A few days since, for the sake of variety and to make or rather increase my acquaintance with the capudan Pacha (Hali), whose biography I have sent you, I took a trip to Constantinople, and visited the navy-yard, where I was certain I should find him. He has a moveable vehicle, something between a small house and a large coach, and it runs on four wheels or trucks, like those of a gun carriage;

it has glass windows all around with rich curtains, and a rich divan or couch, with cushions of sufficient length to enable him to stretch himself to his full extent. The floor is covered with a rich Persian carpet. This machine is transported from place to place in the yard as may suit his wishes, and is always found at that point where he feels the greatest interest. At the time of my visit, it was on the wharf, where his large ship, the Mahmoud, (the flag ship) was fitting and taking in her guns, &c. &c. I found him seated in the machine, counting his beads and conversing with the commandant of the dock-yard. This being the fast of the Ramazan, he was not allowed the indulgence of smoking. He was luxuriously dressed in the richest and choicest of furs, and his air and manner was that of a man of high rank and great distinction. He was seated cross-legged, and I approached him unobserved; but he no sooner discovered me, than he changed his position to that of the Christian manner of sitting, threw off all his gravity, extended his hand to me, and after shaking it, handed me a chair that was near him, and asked me to sit down. After a few moments' conversation, I expressed a wish to see the interior of the Mahmoud again. (I had been on board of her before with him.) At this he expressed great satisfaction, hoped that he should see me often in the yard, and aboard, as he knew I was a sailor, and a judge of things, and should like my opinion.

I visited every part of the ship. She is larger than our Pennsylvania. The carpenter's work and



the materials of which she is composed, are not equal to those of our ships, but when I say we have not a ship in our service, whose ornamental parts, equipments, and outfit are at all to be compared to those of the Mahmoud, as regards richness, elegance, utility, and expense, I say no more than the truth. Her batteries will consist of one hundred and forty guns, of calibres from five hundred pounds downward. On her main deck she is to carry four of this description, the rest are to be forty-two pounders. Every gun on board is as bright as burnished gold; her gun-carriages are absolutely cabinet work; all the iron work about them is like polished steel, and the brass work, of which there is much, corresponding therewith. The beautiful polish of the rich and costly woods of which the ceiling, sides, and bulkheads of her cabin are composed, strikes the eye with a dazzling magnificence. The floors are covered with the same woods laid in a kind of Mosaic. All the rest of her equipments, which are in a high state of forwardness in the storehouses, are in the same keeping; and when all are put together, and the Mahmoud is complete, the Turks will have it in their power to boast of the largest and most splendid ship in the world.

The Capudan Pacha is now about thirty or forty years of age, full of health and vigour, devoted to his profession, indefatigable in his attentions to his duty, in high favour, affianced to the daughter of the Sultan, and has a *carte-blanche* over all the elements of the marine. He has abolished old customs; es-

tablished new systems founded on European practices; discharged all the Greeks and worn-out sailors of the navy, and taken into the service the youths of the country, with which to form seamen. In my walk through the navy-yard and through the ship, I did not see a man older than twenty-five, (except a superintendent) and their age was generally from fourteen to eighteen. They are all dressed like the soldiery, with red caps, blue jacket and trowsers, trimmed with red. They were active and cheerful, and had a good appearance.

Most of them were drafted from the ships lying off in the stream; were marched to their work with the drum and fife, and returned to their ships in the same manner. The different workmen and labourers were almost as numerous in the yard as they could stand, yet all appeared to be usefully and advantageously employed, and not a voice was to be heard except that of the superintendent of the gang. I was much pleased with the perfect good order that prevailed, and saw many things there from which useful hints may be taken. On leaving the yard, I was again invited by the Capudan Pacha to be seated, but anxious to visit the manufactory of small arms, I declined. Besides, I knew he would have many questions to ask, and I preferred a more private occasion to answer them.

After I had taken leave of him he sent after my interpreter, to ask him what remarks I had made about the ship. The interpreter, who had not understood a single remark that I had made, told him

that I had said "that every thing on board and about the ship was in the highest state of perfection, and that the most experienced eye could detect nothing to find fault with." "But," said I, "why did you say that? I made no such remark." "Eh!" said he, "the Turks know very well when you flatter them, but still they *love* to be flattered." Then, shrugging up his shoulders, "what should we do, if we did not flatter them?" This was an *Armenian*.

From the navy-yard we crossed over to the musket factory, not so much to examine it as to see the operation of a small steam engine, which the superintendent, an Armenian, had endeavoured to contrive. I had been there before, but there was always something to do to it; it had been put up and taken down several times, but at length he informed me that he had got it to move sixty strokes a minute, but without being coupled to any thing.

I found him waiting on the wharf for me, and went to the place where the engine was erected; steam was let in, but it would not move; the excuse was, that the cylinder was not yet hot. At length it became heated, and an attempt was made to start it, but it would not budge. By this time there was a considerable quantity of steam and smoke rising, and although every eye was turned towards the engine, it was scarcely perceptible through this compound fog.

At this moment, I saw a man occupied with a perpendicular bar of iron projecting upward towards the ceiling, and following the line of it, found it was

connected with a heavy fly-wheel. Four stout men now took hold of the great beam of the engine and gave it a most rapid motion up and down for several strokes, which set the fly-wheel in motion, which continued the up and down motion of the piston with great rapidity for about one and a half minutes. But so soon as the fly-wheel began to start in its motion, he would call out to cut off the steam, so as not to expend it unnecessarily. 'This trick was practised several times to the great astonishment of the Turks, who thought the invention of the Armenian, little less than magic. On leaving him, he was very desirous of knowing "what I thought of it?" I was determined to try whether the same rule would not apply to Armenian as well as Turk, and told him "it was very fine, and wonderful; that I had never known a first experiment to succeed so well; advised him to persevere, and no doubt he would, with his talents, bring steam-enginery to the very highest state of perfection." He bowed his knee: kissed my hand, and bending to the ground threw dirt on his head. "Mash Allah," said a Turk, "God is great."

With sentiments of great regard,

Yours truly.

## LETTER XIV.

Buyucderò, March 14, 1832.

MY DEAR ———,

SEVERAL days have elapsed since I have written to you, but I hope I shall find pardon in your sight, when you are informed that it is more than seven long and weary months since I have received a single line from you, although vessels are arriving, if not daily, at least monthly, or oftener, from the great emporium. I sometimes think that I ought to stop writing, not that I doubt you would be glad to hear from me, but that I fear my letters are too commonplace and exact to please you or any one else; but I will try once more, and if you do not find any poetry in this, I shall leave you to supply it from the fertile soil of your own imagination.

During the Ramazan, (I believe I told you) I made a visit to Constantinople to see the illumination of the mosques; the magnificent representations of ships of war in the air; of equally splendid steamboats; of Arabic extracts from the Koran, (which were all *Greek* to me), and, in fact, of an illumination in different coloured lamps, the splendour of all which I had never conceived before, and have no

power to describe. 'The minarets of every mosque in Constantinople made a blaze of splendour, and the decoration of the spaces between them was the fruit of the genius of all the muftis and ulemas of that vast city, based on the practice of many centuries. The whole night was one of revelry and feasting; the day succeeding a day of gloom, fasting, penance, and prayer. There is no being so disconsolate during the fast of the Ramazan, as a true-believing Turk: not a drop of water, or any food, passes his lips; and what is more than all, not a mouthpiece of a pipe touches them. The whole time, between sunrise and sundown, is passed in counting his beads, and the slow and heavy flaps of the leaden wings of time. Not a smile enlivens his countenance; not a pleasant look escapes him. He is dead to all the world except his own appetites, and to the lively, dancing, eating, drinking, ranting, roaring Greeks, whom he would most willingly see all impaled alive, as a punishment for their presumption in being happy in his presence, while he is miserable. Indeed, I have thought that the Greek was somewhat fortunate that he escaped the bastinado in expressing his happiness before the Aga of our village, who at all times, except during the fast of the Ramazan, is the best tempered Turk I have ever met with. All the spleen and venom of his temper are, I believe, for the rest of the year vented in looks at least, during the month of Ramazan on the thoughtless, happy Greeks.

But to see the Turk as the sun declines to the

western horizon; to see with what anxiety he watches his descent; to see the cleansing and preparing of pipes; the kindling of the fires; the making of the coffee, and the roasting of the kabobs (lumps of mutton); how his eye glistens; how he licks his lips; how he inhales the odour of the dripping fat, and snuffs up the steamy fragrance of the coffee-pot. Oh! it would do your heart good to see how exquisitely he enjoys the pleasures of hope and anticipation. But the sun's lower limb has touched the horizontal verge; you may *now* see the progress of his descent; you may observe him going down by inches; already he is half invisible; one eye is upon him,—the other is on the savoury viands. He goes—he goes—he is gone; and every inhabitant of this vast metropolis is happy. To see with what gusto they swallow their scalding coffee; to see with what relish they devour their burning kabobs, and their still boiling-hot pilau, and at every interval take a puff of their favourite chibouk (pipe), and you are convinced at once that the pleasures of anticipation and hope admit of no comparison with those of actual enjoyment. Until the rising of the sun, “eat, drink, and play; the rest is not worth an obolis.” So says the Turk, as well as—“Sardanapalus.”

I have since visited Constantinople on the first day of the Feast of the Bairam. Oh! what a happy day was that! Every countenance graced with a smile; the beggar himself a king! The ships of the navy gaily dressed in innumerable flags; the

forest of merchant vessels in their national colours. The Sultan comes from his kiosk, on the European side of the Bosphorus, and debarks at the Golden Gate of the Seraglio from his thirty-six oared barge, accompanied by others of equal magnitude, the splendour of all of which must be seen to be conceived. I have often endeavoured to imagine what might have been the splendour of the barge in which Cleopatra displayed so much magnificence, but all my imaginations never equalled one-tenth of the splendour of those of Sultan Mahmoud. Description can give you no idea; and therefore I shall not attempt to describe them. If, however, I ever have it in my power to obtain an accurate drawing of them, I will send it to you.

From the entrance of the Golden Gate, which opens on the entrance of the port of Constantinople, the Sultan proceeded to the seraglio, and thence through the Sublime Porte, (which opens on the side near to St. Sophia,) proceeded to the mosque, where he performed his devotions.

I did not wait to see his return to the seraglio, but proceeded to witness his embarkation at the Golden Gate after his return. Myself and my companions only had the enjoyment of this spectacle.

At the Sublime Porte, the Sultan's exit was preceded by the officers of his household, splendidly dressed, and mounted on richly caparisoned horses. Next came the divan, in like manner dressed and mounted; next the officers of state; then fifteen or twenty of the Sultan's most beautiful horses, led by



their grooms,—a noble sight, and worthy of being exhibited, whether for the beauty of the animals or the richness of their caparisons, which nothing could excel. Next came the Sultan's pages, gorgeously arrayed in embroidered frock coats, and caps decorated with lofty curved plumes, of a singular fancy, and ornamented with flowers. The pages were not mounted. The Sultan next appeared—the plainest dressed man of the pageant, and mounted on the finest horse. He looked, however, “every inch” a Sultan. After him came eunuchs, black and white, and a numerous troop of personal attendants, richly dressed, and on foot. The whole procession passed between four lines of soldiers under arms, who presented them the instant of the Sultan's appearance at the Porte, and at the same moment the numerous band of the guards struck up the “March of the Sultan.” It was a splendid and an animated scene.

I remained about an hour in a boat lying off the Golden Gate, where the Sultan's barges had been sent to receive him. The whole quay was covered with soldiers drawn up to salute him. At length the gate flew open, the Sultan appeared with his pages and eunuchs, and accompanied by two little boys, whom he embraced on leaving, and was assisted into the boat by two eunuchs, who placed themselves at his feet. The boat put off, and with the rapidity of lightning cut the waves for Tophana. The other barges, with the most distinguished of his officers on board, followed. The saluting battery

fired a salute of twenty-one guns, and I took my departure. The Sultan was received at Tophana, (which is the grand foundry and laboratory of the empire,) with the same number of guns, and by a numerous body of troops under arms. He inspected the establishment, and some improved guns recently cast there, and thence returned to the place of his usual residence higher up the Bosphorus. For days afterward, there was nothing but feasting and frolicking; and I must aver, that among the young men, that is to say, the young officers of the new troops, I saw more drunkenness than was consistent with the Turkish character for sobriety, or with the precepts of the Koran. There is this, however, to be said in their palliation: that the Christian Carnival was celebrated during the Ramazan, and a short time before the Bairam, during which the drinking, carousing, frolicking, masquerading Greek exhibited no good example of temperance, but which, I own, after a long period of fasting and penance, even a Mussulman might be inclined to follow.

During all this period of Ramazan, Carnival and Bairam, the Armenian preserved undisturbed his imperturbable gravity; always the man of business, the eternal counter of gains, and incapable of any lively enjoyments, his heart and soul seem buried among his daily accumulating piasters and paras. The Armenian is never happy, and never miserable, at least in appearance. Among the multitudes of various nations which inhabit this modern Babel, he is called the "*man camel*," from his capacity

for endurance, his indefatigability, his patience, and his utility.

Give the Armenian an opportunity to wear the yellow slippers, and to cheat the Sultan, and he enjoys the *summum bonum* of all earthly happiness, although he feels at every instant that he dare not blow his nose, for fear his head may fall from his shoulders. The Armenians are, it is true, fond of pomp and display of wealth ; this, after obtaining it, is their ruling passion, their besetting sin, and often their ruin.

You have heard of the Greek seraf or banker, Dooz Ouglou. Some five or six years since, he was head of the mint. He of course cheated the Sultan. He built splendid palaces on the Bosphorus, laid out magnificent gardens, gave large festivals (Kefs) to his numerous connexions, thirty or forty boat loads at a time. Without previous notice given, he was found one morning suspended at the lintel of his own door, with the following yafta or label pinned to his breast. “ By the negligence and misconduct of the persons in the imperial mint for the last three or four years, the person hereafter named, taking advantage of the perfidy which is innate in their characters, has with them, defrauded the Treasury of more than 20,000 purses (each purse is 500 piasters) of money, to which amount they have become debtors ; and they have expended this sum in building palaces on the Bosphorus and in the city, as well as in other objects of luxury and ostentation, to the great injury of the Ottoman community. Besides

all this, they have built private chapels in the houses of persons of their nation, where they employed Catholic priests, and have had the audacity to exercise the false religion even in the capital of the empire.

“It is one of these Dooz Ouglous (children of Dooz), named Kircher, who has been punished with death, as he merited, for his treachery; and this is his miserable carcass.”

The body was the same day cut down, and after decapitation was exposed in the streets; his splendid palace was burnt to ashes, the whole of the property of this numerous family was seized upon and confiscated, and every member of it sent into exile.

Within the last three years they have been permitted to return to the capital; many of them have become the bankers of the Sultan and his nobles, and one of them holds the dangerous post of his relative and predecessor, the Dooz Ouglou Kircher. This man does not deny that he derives from the mint an honest revenue of a million of piasters per annum, and it is well known (as many say here), that he cheats the Sultan of double the amount. Yet this man says that he is “certain of dying with his head on his shoulders.”

I have been all through the mint. It gives employment to about a thousand persons. The plates of metal of which the money is made, are all hammered out; and the power applied for the purpose of cutting and stamping, is that of the lever and screw. Manual labor alone is employed, and the

number of men is increased or diminished in proportion to the force required. To stamp a ten piaster piece, five men would be applied to the powerful horizontal levers heavily loaded with lead at the ends, which work the screws. The ten piaster piece is nearly of the size of a dollar, and of harder metal. To stamp the para, the fortieth part of a piaster, a boy will suffice. Considering this clumsy contrivance they are struck off with vast rapidity. The daily emission from the mint, chiefly in small coin, is at present \$150,000; but it can be increased to double the amount. The mint is a very fine building, and occupies a considerable space within the scraglio walls. It is managed altogether by Armenians; the labourers are chiefly Greeks, and the system of management appears to be admirable. No two branches interfere in the slightest degree with each other. Every workman is confined to his own department, of whom there are about twenty, including weighers, die-sinkers, blacksmiths, whitesmiths, &c. The head of the mint was not there when I visited it, but having heard of my intention, he had given orders that every thing should be shown to me, which were faithfully obeyed.

The revenue derived from the mint must be great, and it might be augmented to double, were machinery substituted for manual labour, particularly in rolling out the plates, and cutting and stamping the coin. The money of the empire is all base, from the twenty piaster gold washed piece, down to the

para, said to be silver washed, but scarcely washed at all. The Turks call them gold and silver coin, but all depends on the christening. All, are made of the same metal. Gild a twenty para piece, and it immediately becomes twenty piasters ; gild a para, and it is instantly a rubick or three piasters. To give you a better idea of the coin of the country, I send you a half-piaster, which is twenty paras ; a quarter of a piaster which is ten paras, and a para, seven hundred and twenty of which make a dollar. There are, below the para, two imaginary coins, one is called the arpar, the other, I think, the manga ; the value of neither of which is worth knowing, though I believe the first bears about the same relative value to the para, as the para does to the quarter piaster ; and the same may be said of the manga, with respect to the arpar. No mint could afford to coin either, and if they were coined, it would require a microscope to find them.

I hope you may have patience to decipher this scrawl.

With sincere regard, and my best wishes for you  
and yours, believe me most truly yours.

P. S. I am about giving up my house at this village, and taking up my residence at Kadi Kieuy, the ancient Chalcedon in Asia, opposite Constantinople, where I shall stay till November. Somewhere about the year 450, a synod of bishops sat there. I was in the church the day before yesterday,

the oldest in the world. I shall tell you something about that neighbourhood, if my letters are pronounced worth your reading.

## LETTER XV.

Buyucderè, March 22, 1832.

MY DEAR ———,

I HAVE often spoken to you about the Armenians, but my observations, so far as I recollect them, have been chiefly confined to their customs and manners. I have said little about them as an important class in the empire, and of the extraordinary privileges they enjoy, such as are not enjoyed even by the Turks themselves.

To give you some ideas on this subject, I now send you a translation such as it is, of a Berah, or paper of privileges, permitted by Hatty Scheriff, (imperial order) to be enjoyed by them. You will see by this, that they are a government, (a religious one) within a government, over which none but the Sultan has a control. The poor Greeks, alas ! have lost, since the revolution, nearly all their privileges, which were many. They exercise that however of being *gay*, and *appearing* happy ; of being devoted to their priests, religion and saints, and for the sake

of a frolic, keeping the festivals of all sects, be they those of the Turk, Armenian, Jew, or their own. All my servants are Greeks, and I rarely get more than four day's work in the week out of them. This is owing to festivals and Sundays, (which to them are the same thing) of the different religious sects in this country, who cannot consent that their Sundays should come on the same day. It is all the same to the Greek, whether it be the Bairam, or Courban Bairam, the birth or the flight of Mahomet. The birth, crucifixion and resurrection of Christ, he must observe like other days for his frolic. He avails himself of all chances for this, of which he often has a double one, originating in the difference between old style and new, by which it sometimes happens that he may weep one half the day with the Roman Catholic, who is in the depth of grief for the death of the Saviour, and the rest of the day he may rejoice with those of his own belief in his resurrection. The Greek, in fact, by watching his chances one way and another, may have (if the necessary demands on his labor for support do not interfere), a holiday almost every day of his life. The love of pleasure is the besetting sin of the Greek; and whether rich or poor, free or bondsman, in the Bagnio, or out of it, he will at least exhibit the semblance of happiness, and make you believe that he is really so. They are the French of this country.

The Armenians, as I believe I before informed you, are fond of "Keff" (jollification), so are the Turks. Of these latter, the Greeks are a little shy,



but they no sooner espy two or three families of Armenians getting their kaicks (boats) ready, and preparing their chibouks (pipes), and narghiles (East India hookahs), than there is a general inquiry, "what are they at?—where are they going?" "For keff," is the reply, and "they are going to such or such a place." The Greeks follow in their wake, and while the one party with their female companions, enjoy the luxuries of silence and smoking, the other is employed in dancing their favorite *Romaic* and *Albanaire* which require the full power of every muscle, and the very highest pitch of the voice to accompany and to excite the action. Nothing can exceed the gravity and strict decorum of the one, and nothing exceed the hilarity and frivolity of the other. If the Greek can make you laugh, he cares not how ridiculous he makes himself. All he asks is, that you will laugh at his folly, and in this he is made happy.

I have been frequently in the houses of both Armenians and Greeks, and in those of both have received great kindness and hospitality. On your entrance to that of the Armenian you are met and welcomed by all the females of the family—mother, sisters, daughters and maid-servants. The salutation is, to touch the forehead with the finger, then the chin, and this is repeated two or three times. You are then ushered into the best room, and seated on the divan. This custom is perfectly Turkish, I mean having the divan. The handsomest female always brings you a cup of coffee; the sisters and

daughters in a string, in succession bring you first, sweetmeats, then sherbet; and rose-water with which they sprinkle you, and afterward a towel. If you stay long, this is repeated. Every thing in the house is offered you; nothing is too good for you; they want to kiss your foot, and actually kiss your hand. When you depart, it is "like ice falling on their hearts;" I speak now of an *Elché Bey*, minister or charge. They all follow to the head of the stairs, all pouring out compliments on the honour done to their house. "They are all slaves to your will. They all feel their own unworthiness, and the memory of the visit, and their gratitude is forever engraven on their hearts." You offer your hand for a parting shake—it is seized, kissed, and placed on their foreheads. They follow you down stairs—you beg of them to retire, but "they must see you to the last step"—again you beg of them to retire—"they must see you out of the house," and in fine, they follow you through the court-yard to the gate, where the whole ceremony of taking leave is to be gone over again. There is a kind of impressive politeness in the houses of the Armenians, which leaves on the mind in spite of all prejudice, a most favorable recollection of the kindness of their nature. Rank, it is true, they reverence; but on many occasions, I have, in a playful humour, induced them to forget rank. I have accommodated myself to my company, and entered into their amusements. I have made every man, woman and girl, change their dresses half a dozen times of an

evening. The Armenians are ostentatious, and in nothing more so than in their dress. That which is worn in the street, places all alike, rich and poor, on an equality : there is no difference. I sent you a picture of an Armenian that will do for the whole nation. It is impossible to detect wealth or poverty under such a garb. But see them in their houses, get them in the humour (and it is not difficult to do so), of dressing themselves, and the gold and silver, diamonds, and precious pearls and stones ; then richly embroidered pelisses of the most costly furs are produced, and you are struck with surprise and astonishment at the expense lavished on personal ornaments, which they dare wear only in private.

The old ones will display their bridal dresses, and show with delight their marriage presents. The marriageable, will dress themselves in the manner in which they intend to be dressed when married. The young men will retire and decorate themselves with habiliments of the richest fashions, which have never been seen in public, and their pride of dress extends so far, as to induce them to importune you to decorate yourself with their clothing, that they may have the gratification of admiring on another, what they cannot so well see on themselves. I have never met in any part of the world, with a people who were so fond of personal decoration as the Armenians, and yet, prudence forbids the exposure of it in the streets. There is but one beauty that is allowed to be exposed abroad, and that is the eye and its appurtenances. The lashes and the

brows, you know well that art has been employed in the embellishment of; but you confess that nature never made any thing half so beautiful. The eye of the Armenian female is naturally fine, of a bright and piercing black. The eye-lashes are long, and the eye-brows are full and also long. When covered with the yarkmark, the eye-brows, eyes and lashes, the upper part of the nose, about half an inch of the forehead, and the upper part of the peach-coloured rounding of the cheek, are all that are seen. The rest is all broad-cloth and linen, mesters and papouches, (boots and slippers.) Hence these visible parts of the women are decorated and cultivated with the utmost care, leaving it to the imagination to fancy the rest.

The eye-brows, by means and assistance of the tweezers and surm, a black colouring matter, are made to assume a crescent-like form drawn with so much delicacy and art, that you are persuaded that nature alone could have made them what they are; the termination on each side of the forehead forming a delicate point, as though drawn with a camel's hair pencil by the hand of the most skilful artist, and of a jet black. The middle over the eyes and nose has a most graceful swell and breadth, and examine them as you will, you discover nothing but nature. The lids of the eyes, and the long and silken lashes have also had their share of the labor of the toilet, and the forehead and cheeks have not been neglected. Perhaps there cannot be any thing more charming than so much of the face of a Turkish or Armenian

lady as I have described. Of the two, however, that of the Armenian has, in my estimation, the preference. The Armenian ladies take more exercise, are more in the habit of associating with male society, are more intellectual, and by a little playful coquetry manage to make their eyes sparkle more brightly, and appear to greater advantage.

The dress of the Turkish woman, in the street, differs from the Armenian principally in colour. The outer garments of the latter are of a grave and dark colour; the meslers and papoutches of red morocco. She also wears her turban under her yarkmark, which is the thin, delicate, and almost transparent muslin that covers her head and face, except the parts disclosed. The outer garments of the Turkish ladies depend on fancy; sometimes of a bright scarlet, but generally of a dove colour, light blue, olive, or some other indefinite, fanciful, and delicate tint. They never wear turbans, and their meslers and papoutches are of yellow morocco.

Many of the Armenians, however, have, ever since I have been here (both male and female), thrown off their national costume, and adopted the French dress, except the turban, which the females continue to wear, it being too beautiful to be discarded. The young men also, in every other respect, dress in the height of the London and Parisian fashions, and wear the red bonnet of the Turk, with the rich blue fringe hanging down behind; for they have not yet had time for their hair to grow out, and consequently cannot wear the hat. The Armenian

men shave their heads. The little girls and boys are dressed much as ours are. The former wear short, pretty coats and trowsers; the latter full trowsers buttoned over their short jackets. The hair of both, which grows with Greek luxuriance, hangs down in plaits behind.

The Armenian women believe that they are defective in the height of their figures, and for that reason wear a kind a galoshoe, or cob-cob, as they are sometimes called, which they slip on when they go into the street, let the ground be wet or dry, and which they leave at the door on going into a house. They are certainly, in general, not tall; but according to my ideas of beauty, do not fall short of what I conceive to be the standard, and many are above it. I never yet have seen a full-grown Armenian lady I thought too small. This passion for artificial height, by means of cob-cobs, gives them an awkward gait, as the feet must be kept parallel with one another, and placed flat on the ground. When without the cob-cobs, their walk is graceful and majestic.

I began apparently by drawing a comparison between the Armenian and Greek; but I find I can do but one thing at a time, and leave off with the description of the Armenian.

Yours most truly.

P. S. It is my intention, when a little more at leisure, to give you a particular account of the situa-

tion, character, and occupations of the Armenians of Constantinople; I mean the men, for all the eastern women are as like as two peas in the general outlines of their character—indolent and voluptuous.

## LETTER XVI.

Kadi Kieuy, (Judges' Town,) }  
Ancient Chalcedon, April 5, 1832. }

MY DEAR —,

I AM now fixed comfortably at this spot, in the midst of a vineyard of about twenty acres, surrounded with shrubbery of every description, and all the trees now in full blossom, enclosed by a stone wall, ten feet high, made up of rough stones, shafts of marble columns, parts of capitals, fragments of porphyry, &c. &c. On my left is the sea of Marmora, with all its beautiful islands, full in view, and upwards of sixty sail of shipping making up to the port. In front, Seraglio Point, with all its numerous palaces, mosques, seraglios, harems, kiosks; its forests of cypresses, its gloomy majesty, its Satanic dignity, its mysteries and its horrors! With all its sublimity, like "Death on the pale horse," (for such it appears to the imagination at this view, with its lofty cypresses towering above its milk-white walls,) it

chills the blood to look on, or to think of it. So many crimes, so many horrible assassinations connected with it! Yet with all this, it is grand and beautiful. Like the serpent's charm, it fixes the eye and rivets the attention on the majestic, though gentle splendour of the seraglio, including all the space which ancient Byzantium occupied.

To the left the view extends five or six miles along the walls of Constantinople to the Seven Towers, the former prisons for restive ambassadors, and Chargés too, of course, and thence to Point Stephano.

Within the first-mentioned space are included the noble mosques of St. Sophia, Sultan Achmet, and Suleiman, the burnt porphyry column, what is called the brazen column, because it was once covered with brass, and the granite Egyptian Obelisk, the high tower of the Seraskier, and various other objects of splendour and magnificence, which, although not within the walls of the seraglio, fill up the back ground, and make part of the picture, which, on the whole, far exceeds any idea that I can possibly convey by description.

From the seraglio to the Seven Towers there is a thick mass of houses, so clustered together as to make undistinguishable any one in particular. All this is interspersed with an almost infinite number of mosques, with their minarets towering to the skies, and the almost equally towering cypress. The eye now rests on the Seven Towers, built in the same style of architecture as those of Mahomet II. on the



Bosphorus. There is only one of these which appears to be in perfect repair; the roofs of the rest appear from this point to have fallen in.

On my right is the entrance to the port of Constantinople. The great tower of Pera, the whole of Pera, Galata, Tophana, Caper Tarsh, and the noble barracks of Sentary, part of the suburbs of Scutary, and its interminable cemetery. This sketch I have taken with the objects before me; and to make it more intelligible to you, I have sent you one by another hand, taken, it would almost appear, from the very spot at which I am now writing. Turning round, I look over the beautiful and highly cultivated plains of Chalcedonia, studded with villages, palaces, and mosques. So are also the mountains which limit the view, to their summits. Farther onward, the lofty snow-topt range of the Olympus lifts its head to the skies.

Were I asked which I thought the most beautiful spot on earth, I should say, the very spot I now occupy; for here I have every thing within my view that nature and art can combine to charm the eye;—lively and animating too, from the multitude of vessels of every description going and coming, from the light and delicate kaick, which skims the water like a swallow, scarcely appearing to touch it, to the stately line-of-battle ship, over which waves the blood-red banner, bedecked with the crescent and the star.

In all this, if there is no poetry, I can assure you there is a vast deal of truth.

On landing here to examine my house, I inquired for the church in which the third council after that of Nice was held. I was taken to a small chapel, now owned by the Greek Catholics. It was in very good order, and neatly kept. They show you there the throne on which the emperor sat while attending the council. They show you also part of the iron-work of the rack used by the infidels for the purpose of torturing Christians, which looked to me exceedingly like the handle of a grindstone, only a little longer. It might make a tolerably good spit to roast a pig on. But what is most remarkable, when they built St. Sophia, they robbed this church of all its columns, except one, and supplied their places with others. It is certain that there is a column differing in every respect from the others, being smaller, of better proportion, of marble, with a highly ornamented capital of the composite order. The column is, however, of the Doric. This column, at particular seasons of the year, is known to burst into a flood of tears, which run streaming down its sides. The priest informed me that this was an indication of its mourning for its departed companions. He said that the Turks (this in a whisper) had attempted to take it away, but that all their power could not remove it; they therefore were obliged to leave it where it stood. He was firmly impressed with the belief that St. Sophia was built by the Turks, and on this opinion the story of the weeping column is founded. I asked him if any particular day was fixed on for its weeping! He

said, No; that it wept sometimes on one day, and sometimes on another. Again, if on any particular state of the weather or temperature? He looked at me with astonishment for asking so silly a question, which indeed any old woman, living in a stone house in the United States, the drippings from the walls of which so much annoy her, could have answered satisfactorily.

The pictures in this church, as in all the Greek Catholic churches, are of a singular character. It resembles very much the Chinese or Japanese, such as you see on Japan ware. It has no relief, is flat, insipid, and destitute of perspective. Of this they appear to be sensible; therefore when the Virgin of Sorrow is represented, she has a silver hilted dagger stuck into her heart, the handle projecting from the canvass. Her silver hands are also raised to heaven at an angle of forty-five degrees, and stand forth from the picture. There is also something very like the half of the rim of a silver plate over her head, and coming, like the horns of the crescent, down on each side to her ears. The representation of "Christ crucified" has a singular appearance, with his silver hands and feet, and the silver heads of the nails sticking out towards you. It appears to be a sort of compromise between a picture and a statue. The Greek Catholics are forbidden to prostrate themselves before a picture or a statue. But I am getting rather ahead; when I come to touch on the religious customs of this modern Babel, I must brace myself up to the subject. As they say

in the Bible, and as they do here, (every man and woman wearing a girdle), I must "gird up my loins" to the task.

When I seated myself to write this letter, I intended to lead you through the harem of a Turkish house, and into the very secret recesses of it. It was from a Turkish woman that I rented it. I made my bargain with her in her most private apartments. She is about thirty, a good-looking, portly widow. She has since visited and remained more than an hour with me. She laments very much, that she has no husband to take care of her property. I recommended to my yacksackgory, a good-natured old Turk of sixty-five to marry her. He said, "Yoke—no. I have got one wife already, and she is more than I can manage; what should I do with that young thing?"

I next tried my cavasse who has also only one wife. He is about forty, an erect, handsome and sturdy fellow. He looks magnificently when he gets on his fine clothes, and all his fighting apparatus stuck about him. He said he should like it very well, and has taken a wonderful affection to the widow's property, and a great fancy for working in the garden and vineyard.

The widow's household consists of two black eunuchs, a gardener who never dared to raise his eyes in her presence, a white female cook, and a black female slave.

I hope the engravings will please you. If you

do not write me by the Topaz never expect to hear from me more.

Yours truly.

P. S. I have attached to this letter, a list of Turkish books, which may serve to convince you that the Turks are not so illiterate as they are represented.

## LIST OF TURKISH BOOKS,

Printed formerly at Scutari, and now at the new printing office near Seraskier Capoussou, from the reign of Sultan Abdul-Hamed, till that of Sultan Mahmoud. Several new works have been lately translated and printed on different subjects, to be had there, and of all the Turkish booksellers.

1. *Van Kuly*.—A dictionary in folio, of Arabic words explained in Turkish, in two volumes.
2. *Burhan-i-Kaaty*.—A dictionary in folio, containing Persian words explained in Turkish, one volume.
3. *Galataly Meshhurray*.—A vocabulary, explaining the true etymology of certain Turkish and Arabic words, used in conversation in a different sense.
4. *Lugat-i-Lehge*.—A dictionary—Turkish, Arabic, and Persian. A modern work of much use—one volume.
5. *Berkoy Mitny*, by *Mehammed Effendy*.—A law book in Arabic, translated into Turkish.
6. *Berkoy Sherhy*.—A commentary on do.
7. *Amenta Sherhy*.—Explanation of the Turkish creed.

8. *Tarih-i-Subhi*—History of the Ottoman Empire, by Subhy.
9. *Tarih-i-Yzzy*—History of the Ottoman Empire, by Yzzez.
10. *Tarih-i-Vassif*—History of do. do. by Vassif.
11. *Tarih Atlas*, by *Kiatib Celeby*—A Geographical Grammar, by Kiatib Celeby.
12. *Kiafiyé*, by *Zeing Zaday*—A Grammar, explaining the formation and derivation of Arabic verbs.
13. *Zahar*, by the same—Arabic syntax.
14. *Yzhar Sherhy*—A commentary on do., in 8vo.
15. *Giamy Hashiesy*, by *Muharem Effendy*.—Observations on do.
16. *Selkuty Alis Maktawell*—A Treatise on Logic.
17. *Ghetenbelys do.*—On do.
18. *Ylmi Handese Mezmuúas*—A compilation of Geometrical Problems and Theorems.
19. *Öñul Ylmi Hendesse*—Elements of Geometry.
20. *Tklidys*—Euclid in Turkish.
21. *Tmtiham*—Experimental Geometry.
22. *Deria Kitabı*—A Tour by Sea.
23. *Su Bissalessy*—A Treatise on Hydraulics, by Asker Effendi.
24. *Ligorutma*—A Book of Logarithms.
25. *Tuhfei Vehby*—Vocabulary, Persian and Turkish, by Vehby.
26. *Hayaty Effendy*—Translation of Vehby's vocabulary into Arabic.
27. *Muhbey Lugat*—A collection of choice words in Arabic.

28. *Sebhai Sibiyân*—A Vocabulary, Arabic and Persian; author unknown.
29. *Avamel Gedid*—A new Treatise on Arabic Syntax.
30. *Camuss Tergiumessi*—Dictionary of the celebrated Camuss, from the Arabic into Turkish.
31. *Bishhat Tergiumessi*—The life of some saints.
32. *Teshrih fitt ibi*—A Treatise upon Anatomy, with figures.
33. *Sarf Giumlessi*—Arabic Grammar in extenso.
34. *Nahf Giumlessi*—Arabic Syntax do.
35. *Behget-ul-fétroà*—A collection of Fetwas in Turkish, say sentences in law cases.
36. *Sherhy Hayaty-i-Gedid*—A new edition of Hayati's Vocabulary, in Turkish and Arabic.



## LETTER XVII:

Kadi Kieuy, April 8, 1832.

MY DEAR —,

At the hour of five P. M., yesterday, I received your welcome letter of the 19th, evidently written in great haste, and I doubt whether, if it was returned, you could succeed in deciphering the whole of it. But I have stuck to it, and with the exception of one word, I now know the whole contents; but what it was that \*\*\*\*\* got when he went to Washington, that put him in such a bad humour, I cannot for the life of me divine, but it seems he got a lunabago. I am pretty good at deciphering, for I can sometimes read my own hand-writing, but this up as a puzzle.

I sent you some plates of views on the Bosphorus, but there were two which by accident were omitted, I now send them. Almost all these places are mentioned in some way or other, in that direct and beautifully descriptive novel called the Armenian, written by Mr. McFarlane. There is a view from Kandilla up the Bosphorus, above the European towers. From the towers upwards, you see a long village, there is there a small break in the houses, and a new village commences. The

fifth house from the commencement of the new village was the residence of Veronica, the young Armenian with whom Constantine was so much smitten; the village is called Emeneger Ouglou. The grandmother lived in a house on the hill overlooking the garden, and not on the quay as represented by McFarlane. This plate went off a few days ago, and I make this reference to it from my confidence in the general correctness of all the plates, and have no doubt you will find the houses I speak of. Miss \*\*\*\*, for I find by your letter, she is still Miss \*\*\*\*, must get a map of the Bosphorus, and put the map and plates before her when she reads the novel, and if she has read it once, I can assure her, that it will bear reading twice or thrice. At the back of the beautiful Kiosk of Beber is a village of the same name, which is her present residence. She assumes the dignity and claims the title of Princess of Wallachia. You may depend upon it, she is a pretty obstinate, consequential piece of flesh and blood, and notwithstanding the opposition of family and friends, she sticks to her Constantine, although he is said to be married again, and claims him as her own on the validity of the first marriage. The young man who was to have been married to her; is my interpreter. I joke him about it sometimes; he don't like it very well, but he laughs, and says that his mother arranged the matter, that Veronica whom he once had a glimpse of, he thought was quite pretty, but very delicate, but she chose to run away the night she was to be married to him, and (shrug-

ging his shoulders) "what would you have me do." His name is Joseph Asker, or Asker Ouglou, the son of Asker. I know the cousins and other relatives of Veronica, and I know the mother and sister of Asker. The latter was to have been married when Veronica was wedded to her brother; however, she was married a few days after, and in fifteen days she was a widow; a rich looking, blooming, beautiful young widow she is now. I believe I described to you once a pair of eyebrows—if I did, they grow over the eyes and nose of this very same lovely, smiling, rosy-checked, gay, young Armenian widow. The cousin of the Armenian sung me a song composed by Constantine Ghika, which he used to sing, accompanied by the guitar, when he wished to draw out Veronica into the garden. She promised to give me a copy of it, and I intend to send you a translation. You remember a dress and turban I once described? the same said dress was worn by this identical lady cousin. I intend to scrape an acquaintance, if possible, with the Princess Veronica, although she is rather inaccessible, knowing as she does, that she is the lion of the day, not of the "west," but of the east.

I beg you to send me out some amusing books. I have heard the Water Witch spoken as highly of as the Red Rover. Send me something else, but let it be American. \*\*\*\*\* has written a book lately; let me have it whatever it is. I want also, something of his to quiz the English legation with.

They are a clever set of young men—are very fond of good jokes even at their own expense, and they will laugh at them right honestly.

But you cannot conceive how happy I am here, compared to what I was at Buyucderè. The country is so beautiful here; every thing is so enlivening; the trees and the shrubbery in full bloom; the birds now cheering their mates for the season, are all around me; the squirrels almost as tame as cats, scampering about the garden, running up and down the trees, and skipping from limb to limb. A beautiful squirrel, not quite so large as our grey squirrel, with a red head and tail. I am under the impression that it burrows in the ground. The storks have returned from their southern winter's excursion, and are repairing their nests on the top of the chimnies, or building new ones, no one disturbing them, but on the contrary the inmates of the house consider it a good omen. There is a quietude, a tranquillity, a rural feeling about the place that is truly charming. Before I go any further, I must give you a sketch of the noble race of the drogomanic at Pera.

In the first place, they all spring from a few families, I should say not more than five or six, who came here in the suites of ambassadors on the first formation of treaties. Their whole world lies within the purlicus of Pera and Buyucderè; they know of no other, they know nothing even of Constantinople, except it be from the landing place to this port, and nothing of the beautiful villages on

the Bosphorus. I have met with many young men of this class, sons and grandsons of drogomen, who had never crossed the Golden Horn from Pera to Constantinople, and perhaps not one female of the whole class has ever been out of Pera, except on the way to Buyucderè, to pass the winter or summer, for they all, men, women and children, follow at the tail of diplomacy, either as drogomen, attachés, or aspirants to that dignified state. They all intermarry with one another, for no sooner does a young aspirant to the situation of drogoman become attached to a legation, than some cousin is pitched on for his second half, who it is his bounden duty to love and cherish in proper time and season. Hence there is a look and a mannerism about them which is truly striking; a strut and an importance in the presence of others who have no power over them; an affected coxcombrity, and an obtrusiveness truly disgusting, but before their chief, their abjectness is equally so. Among the young women there is a pertness and an affectation of French manners that absolutely amounts to caricature. Every thing is extreme; their wriggling walk; their dancing; their dress; their painting; all their manners, and their manner of delivering themselves of the few words of bad French they have picked up, for they all pretend to speak French and Greek. The first they have acquired as they could; the other they learnt from their nurses, who are all Greeks. "Oh, Monsieur, vous êtes troup bon." "Vous êtes tres aimable!" "Vous me faites troup d'honneur!"

“*mercie infiniment !*” &c. &c., with the head hanging rather over one shoulder, with what is intended as a winning smile, an arch and amiability of look, a gentle obliquity or a kind of twisting and rolling motion of the neck and body, and an eternal snapping, flirting and manoeuvring of the fan, winter or summer, the fruits of idleness, and the defence of ignorance. And when they trip on tip-toc, from one side of the room to the other, heavens ! you would think that the grass would not bend under them, and that their heels were never intended to come in contact with the earth. There is but one fashion among them, and old and young dress in it ; if there is any difference, the grand-mother dresses more gaily than her grand-daughter, and puts on more finery, flannels, and flowers.

The young exquisites ape the dandies of Bond street, which they get from the tailors prints, you find stuck up in barbers' shops as caricatures. They have the very same left arm akimbo ; the gentle bending forward of the body to admire the set of the trowsers, and the beauty of the boot ; the right hand gently raised to an elevation with the shoulder, playing with a small whalebone cane, or tapping with it the polished boot. Their principal occupation is, when the weather is fine, to assemble in groups with their female cousins, and to show off their graces and their finery with them, strutting for hours backwards and forwards on the quay of Buyuaderè. When the wind is from the north, and the weather is bad, their occupation then is, to shoot

the poor harmless and useless gulls, which take refuge in the bay, and along the shores of Buyucderè. There is a projection in front from every house, as you perceive by the plates. These are called gazeboos. I have christened them Points Look-out. At every window of these, you will find, every hour of the day, a well dressed female head, gazing with intense curiosity on every thing that passes in the single street of Buyecderè, of which they have the full view, it being a crescent, and if it be a diplomat who ventures abroad, the Lord help him, for from the moment he appears in sight, until the last of him is to be seen, a spyglass is applied on him from every gazeboos. His walking abroad in open day, is a subject of wonder, speculation, and conversation for the rest of the day. It means fully as much as Lord Burleigh's nod. There is no society in this world where there is so much gossip as among these cousins, the ———, the ———, the ———, the ——— the ———, and the ———.

The business of the old men is to speak a little Turkish, and make their employers think they speak it well; to pry into the secrets of their employer, and betray them where they can sell them to most advantage; to be the humble servant of the porte; to be up to all sorts of tricks and villainy of intrigue, and to cover their rascality under the dress and calpack of the humble Armenian; to wear *yellow slippers*, and show the rascal in every lineament of their features.

In this way generation after generation have been brought up and employed ; a distinct race, noted and despised, and only tolerated from their supposed necessity. The fathers to intrigue and interpret ; the young women (there being no other female society), to dance and flirt with the gentlemen of the different legations, "holding the words of promise to the ear ;" and the young men to fill, when necessary, the place of their fathers.

Our minister was the first to show their utter worthlessness, by discharging \*\*\*\*\* the best among them, and by breaking through the flimsy web that cunning and rascality had thrown around the Ottoman Porte, an example which will be followed by the representatives of other nations, and in a few years, if I mistake not, a novelist may write *The Last of the Drogomans*.

These people call themselves the nobility of Pera, and look down with utter contempt on everybody not connected with *them*, or concerned in diplomacy. They turn up their noses at a merchant, or a merchant's wife, and scarcely deign to recognise a consul as one of the privileged class.

To shun the prying gaze, the offensive curiosity, the impertinent familiarity, the flippant pretensions, and exulting pride of these vulgar and corrupt upstarts, was the principal cause of my leaving *ucderè* to reside. I was not willing to be admitted into what is called the diplomatic circle, at the price of suffering their presence.



I send you a list of the Sultan's titles. It may amuse you. I shall try and get you a list of the fleet, which he intends sending against the Pacha of Egypt. I shall also try and send you a list of the Pacha's fleet. The hostile forces are both very formidable, by sea and land. Nothing can look more majestic and beautiful, than the fleet of the Sultan. I have never in my life seen a fleet of ships of war look so well; they are all fresh painted, and painted in perfect uniformity, that is to say, all alike. The Mahmoud is the most splendid ship in the world, as well as the largest. She mounts no less than 156 guns, and her dimensions are every way larger than those of our large ship, the Pennsylvania. Nothing can exceed the beauty and magnificence of her internal arrangements, no cost or pains have been spared on them. The Capudan Pacha is a fine young man, a great favourite of the Sultan, and is allowed to do what he pleases. He has much taste, and displays it to great advantage. I have sent you his biography. The cabins are finished off with the most precious woods; all her guns are brass, polished as bright as burnished gold, and the gun-carriages looked as if they had come from the hands of the cabinet maker. The stanchions, fore and aft on her decks, are also turned and polished brass. All the rest of the fleet is in equally fine condition, not so splendid to be sure, as the Mahmoud, but in beautiful, and to all appearance, efficient order. What their discipline will be, is to be seen hereafter; but I think it prom-

ises to be good. The crews are all young and active, apparently perfectly willing and pleased with the service; they are all Turks, and dressed as I believe I before observed, in the same uniform as the soldiers. I went through some of the workshops, boat houses, and stores of the arsenal yesterday, and I do assure you that every thing there is subjected to the most perfect order and arrangement. The boats for the use of the admiralty, are magnificent, and the new ones, building for the Sultan, cannot be described.

Since the arrival of the Capudan Pacha, great order has been established in every part of the arsenal; and the apparent disorder and confusion which reigned there a few months ago have entirely disappeared. I have discontinued lately sending you the Ottoman Monitor, because I only subscribed for one number, and I did not know whether you wished to be troubled with it. But it contains so correct an account of the daily progress of the Sultan in the improvement of his empire, and the discipline of his marine and army, and of the thousands of reforms which he is introducing, that as a portion of the history of the day you ought to have it, particularly if you should think the information I have given, and shall (from time to time) give, worth preserving.

On the outside of the plates you will find a Turkish manuscript, with the Sultan's name in a flourish, which answers all the purposes of his signature.

The ministers have their seal or signet which is always applied in their presence.

On every building belonging to the Sultan generally over the gate or door-way, is placed the same flourish, but instead of red it is either in gold or black.

But I think I have furnished you enough this time, and so shall let you off.

My best regards to the family, and believe me to be most truly yours.

P. S. I cannot conclude, without giving you a few Turkish sayings :

“ Love those who love you even if they are poor, but do not love him who does not love you, even were it the king.

“ He who loves me I am his slave, and he who hates me, I would wish to be his sovereign.

“ In saying honey ! honey ! the mouth cannot be sweetened.

“ The fruit tree is always liable to be stoned.

“ Associate (or be friends) with the devil, until you are safe over the bridge.

“ There is no rose without thorns.

“ A little fowl is always a chicken.

“ Love and a cough cannot remain long undiscovered.

“ With patience ver-juice becomes sweet, and the leaves of the mulberry become silk.

“ He who watches the kettle, will, without doubt, have a part of the soup.

“Every pleasure has its pain, every tear has its smile.

“After the overturn of your coach, there are multitudes ready to point out a better road.

“Sweet words draw serpents from their nests, and bad language destroys confidence.

“Beauty is not of *itself* beauty—beauty is that which pleases *you*.

“The man in love with himself, thinks the rest of the world blind.

“Love is a torture that is only known to those who have felt it.

“The man who keeps his face to the ground, can never have his nose pulled.

“The gout and religion, are two things which do not admit of dispute.

“He who falls on purpose should never cry.

“If you are polite, you will permit the rose to shed its odours, if rude or rustic, you will enter the garden to destroy it.

“Beware of the crow lest he pick your eyes out.

“Pay no attention to the tears of sore eyes.

“It is a shame to those who ask, but a double shame to those who refuse.

“He who gives too much, gives for ostentation, he who gives little, gives it from the heart.

“However much you may desire to succeed in an affair, no more can be done than is destined.

“A witty enemy is preferable to a foolish friend.”

## TITLES OF THE PADE SCHAH.

1. The Emperor of puissant emperors.
2. The Support of the grandees of the age.
3. The Distributor of crowns to the kings who are seated upon the thrones of the world.
4. The Shadow of God upon earth.

5. The Servant of the two illustrious and noble cities of Mecca and Medina, august, sacred places. The Master and Protector of the holy Jerusalem. The Sovereign of three grand cities, Constantinople, Adrianople, Broussa.

6. Master of Damascus; Odour of Paradise, of Tripoli, of Syria, of Cairo, singular in its kind; of all Arabia, of Africa, of Arakagene, of Basara, of Larissa, of Dilem, but above all of Bagdad, capital of the Caliphs; of Rissa, of Moussaub, of Churzoub, of Diabekir, of Zewilkadrijé, of Erzerum. The Agreeable of Soura, of Adana, of Caramania, of Kars, of Gildec, of Devar, of the Mersa, of Candia, of Cyprus, of Chios, of Rhodes, of Barbary, of Ethiopia, of Haleche, of Algiers a place of war, of the countries of Natolia, of Tripoli, of Barbary, of Tunis, of the Black and White Seas, of the coasts of Algiers, of the kingdom of Roumelia, of all Kaurdistan, of Greece, or Tartary, of Circassia, of Kisbarta, of

Georgia, of the noble tribes of Tartars, and of all the hordes which depend on them; of all Bosnia, with what has been annexed of the fortress of Belgrade, a place of war, a service as well as of the fortresses and castles then situated, of the countries of Albania, called Arnoondlik, of all Wallachia, of Moldavia, and of the fortresses which are in its cantons, and besides the foregoing, many other towns and fortresses not enumerated, which have been taken and conquered, and which we possess by our Imperial Justice, and by our victorious power.

7. Sultan.

8. Son of a Sultan.

9. The Emperor Mahmoud.

10. Son of the Emperor Mustapha, who was son of the Emperor Mahmoud.

11. Distributer of kingdoms.

12. Sovereign of all creatures.

13. Refuge of the Sovereigns of the most illustrious families.

14. Defender of the princes who have had esteem and confidence for the Sublime Porte, which is the outré of happiness and felicity, and the asylum of those who have recourse to it.

The foregoing titles are those which are placed at the heads of treaties and other public documents, but those by which he is known and called by the mass of the people are,

*"Pale Schah,"* "man-slayer," "blood-drinker."

## LIST OF THE FLEET OF H. H. THE SULTAN.

### TWO FIRST RATES.

1. Mahmoud, . . . . . 156 guns.
2. Selim, . . . . . 120 guns.

### FOUR SECOND RATES.

- |                             |                    |
|-----------------------------|--------------------|
| 1. <i>Mahrard min hair,</i> | Happy undertaking. |
| 2. <i>Ech Miserrat,</i>     | Tear of joy.       |
| 3. _____,                   | _____.             |
| 4. _____,                   | _____.             |

### SIX FRIGATES.

- |                                  |                          |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. <i>Kat Zafer,</i>             | The strength of success. |
| 2. <i>Mazhn ter fih,</i>         | Good success.            |
| 3. <i>Pazleh Alch,</i>           | Self advantage.          |
| 4. <i>Nazer Yafer,</i>           | Bird of success.         |
| 5. <i>Frise Rahmi,</i>           | Profession of clemency.  |
| 6. <i>Capudan Pacha guemizi.</i> |                          |

### SIX CORVETTES.

- |  |                        |
|--|------------------------|
| 1. <i>Thxanon Henda,</i>                                 | The gift of God.       |
| 2. <i>Medzira Zafir,</i>                                 | Place of success.      |
| 3. <i>Pyh Cherif,</i>                                    | Collection of honours. |
| 4. <i>Demir Carè,</i>                                    | The strength of God.   |
| 5. <i>Firzi Hacha,</i>                                   | _____.                 |
| 6. American built, name unknown, formerly United States. |                        |

Besides these, there are a number of brigs, schooners, and cutters, a Tunisian corvette, and another corvette, just arrived. I cannot answer for the correctness of the translations.

### LIST OF THE FLEET OF THE BASHAW OF EGYPT.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Guns.</i>	<i>Captains.</i>	<i>Men.</i>	
Muhalé Elkebir,	104	Housard,	1150	For Os- man Bey.
Mansura,*	104		600	
Alessandia,*	100		600	
Giafferia	62	Hamet,	650	
Behera,	60	Zatiff,	650	Mutas Bey.
Kaffre Sheik,	58	Prepietr,	620	(English.)
Raschid,	58	Suia Alz,	620	
Gher galoue,	50	Selim,	620	
Daniata,	54	Caradini,	500	
Mulu gehant,	48	Zadils,	450	
Zanta,	24	Osman,	280	
Pelinga gchant,	20	Hennin,	200	
Beker gehant,	20	Achmet,	200	
Fona,	20		280	

\* Not quite ready, to be completed in a few days.



<i>Names.</i>	<i>Guns.</i>	<i>Captains.</i>	<i>Men.</i>
Genack Capari,	20	Hofes,	150
Chahia Gehant,	20		150.
Semina Gehant,	20	Hammet,	150
American,	12	Achmet,	80
Crocodile,	12		120
Salamant,	20		120
Karmanie,	20		120
Washington,	16		120
Jezhna,	20		120
Peneké,	22	Mahmet,	120
Eadi Gihal,	10		80
Mahmed Eslz,	130, in the stocks.		
Aboukir,	80, to launch in a fortnight.		

N. B. All the ships have increased complements, to bring them forward for the new ships that are getting ready.

## LETTER XVIII.

Kadi Kieuy, April 26th, 1832.

MY DEAR ·

A FEW days since, I determined to visit the Seven Towers and make the circuit of Constantinople; as there are various opinions as to its extent.

I commenced at the point of the scraglio, not far from the Golden Gate, and from the time we were rowing the distance, as well as from my judgment of space over the water, acquired by long habit and experience, I should suppose from thence to the Seven Towers to be five miles. We had a most interesting row along shore, and at the landing places wherever there were breaks in the wall, we found this part of the city equally as populous as the rest we had seen.

We found in this quarter several extensive landing places for the fixing of the colours of painted cottons, and a species of painted handkerchief called Kalemkar, worn by the Turkish, Greek and Armenian women in different forms on the head. The two latter put them on with vast taste, puffed out so as to resemble a light and graceful turban, some-

times decorated with golden ornaments and precious stones. The Turkish women merely tie them round their heads, and the heads of their children, for they never wear turbans, as it is generally supposed they do. When they go out of their houses, which they do in great multitudes at this season of the year, for the purpose of enjoying the fresh air of the country, they merely throw over their heads a pure white muslin, very fine, and over the mouth and chin they throw the yackmack, which is a pure white and light transparent piece of the finest cambric. These, with a pair of sparkling black eyes, finely arched eye-brows and handsome nose, the Feridje, or cloak, a pair of yellow meslers, or boots, and a pair of yellow papouches, or slippers, are all that is generally to be seen of the outward Turkish woman. The Armenians affect, when abroad, the dress and manners of the Turkish women, except that they wear under their linen head gear, their full and beautiful kalemkars and the *red* slipper, which is the badge of their race. But the Greek, the young, the gay, the lovely, lively, laughing, dancing Greek, sports abroad in open day, her sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks, her kalemkar thrown on with the utmost grace and beauty of studied negligence, her short, bright colored jacket, or spencer, frequently red, reaching to the waist, open before and trimmed with fur, her petticoat cut so as to show the form to full advantage, and scarcely reaching to the ankle, display altogether, a being too airy, too lively, sprightly

and gay, to be ever associated with any thing but pleasure, for which she appears to be formed, and to which her whole soul seems devoted.

Now is the season for the women to flock forth, and on the green lawn, and under every shady tree which throws its branches abroad in the meadows, the eye rests on hundreds of groups of females of the various nations of which this great empire is composed, who have gone forth to enjoy the bounties of nature, and to be grateful for them to "Nature's God."

The form of the city has so often been described, that it is only necessary to say, it is a triangle of unequal sides, the longest on the land, and the shortest on the port. I landed at the southern angle near a magnificent square tower of great height, built of white marble, the blocks of which were fluted. From thence we proceeded some distance to the gate of the Seven Towers. These we found of great elevation and circumference, massive, and apparently calculated to endure to eternity. There appears to be some difficulty in obtaining access to them on the part of foreign ministers and agents, except against their will. The minister did not press the point, and as the keeper of the key was absent, left it for some future opportunity to see the interior. They, however, showed us three lions, a leopard, and a hyena in an adjoining building, it being a part of the menagerie of the Sultan. Within the high and formidable walls which form the enclosure of the towers there are several houses where a garrison is

kept. . On the top of the walls are several pieces of cannon pointed towards the town, said to be for the purpose of protecting the foreign ministers confined there against the popular fury.

What struck me with astonishment on my landing, was the high state of preservation in which I found these magnificent defences of the city. In this quarter, and as far as the eye could reach, the triple battlements frowned over the plain in as stately perfection as though the hand of violence had never been laid on them, and though great was the mind that conceived the idea of making an impression on them, the vast designs of Mahomet II. must have proved abortive but for the cotemporaneous discovery of the use of artillery.

The city on the land side is defended, first, by a fosse thirty feet wide, and about fifteen deep, walled up on both sides by a perpendicular and smooth wall. On the inner side of the ditch is a parapet wall for its protection. A short distance within this is a line of round towers at pistol-shot distance from each other, and joined by a strong wall of about twenty-five feet high with parapets. Again at a short distance within this wall, and between the spaces occupied by the round towers, are massive square towers rising about sixty or seventy feet high, and joined in the whole length by a strong wall of from forty to fifty feet high. I estimate from memory, not having the means or time for actual measurement. These walls appear to have been, as no doubt they were, built at different times, and

by different emperors; and there may be observed, particularly as regards the towers, a difference in the style of the architecture, as now and then, in the lower range of towers, may be discovered some that are square; on one of which may yet be seen a large square slab of marble containing a Greek inscription. Many of these inscriptions have fallen off, or have been carried away. They are said to contain the name of the emperor and the date of their construction.

There are several gates leading from Constantinople; for example, the Selyoria Gate, Top-Kapouri, or Gun Gate, Egri Kapouri, or Crooked Gate, &c.

At the point, or near the Selyoria Gate is an elevation of stone mason's work on the road side, on which are five tomb-stones, two of which indicate that the occupants of them were pachas, and of the others, men of rank. The object is a striking one, and although from the sea of Marmora to the harbour of the Golden Horn, a distance of six miles, is one continuous grave-yard, thickly studded with tomb-stones, sometimes on both sides of the road, and some of them magnificent; still, this above all others, commands your attention. You see at once that it is intended to commemorate high rank and family connexion. Here rests the head of Ali Pacha, of Joannina, those of his three sons and his grand-son. The sword had expiated their crimes against their sovereign, and Turkish piety permitted the erection of this monument of the gratitude of one

to whom Ali had been a benefactor. The heads of Ali Pacha, his three sons and grand-son were bought by their friends after having been exposed, from the hands of the executioner. The grateful Turk was bold enough to erect this monument in front of the most public outlet of the capitol, on the road to Joannina, and on it to inscribe their eulogiums. Such is the courage of true friendship, even in Turkey.

As you approach Top Kapouri, you begin to see the ravages and desolating effects of the tremendous engines used by Mahomet II. during the siege. Massive towers split from their summit to their base; others tumbled down, and large breaches in the hitherto impregnable wall. At length you descend from the top of a hill, where you overlook part of the wall, into the valley where the grand attack was made and the great battery of immense engines placed, that poured their sweeping destruction on the devoted walls and towers, which tumbling before them filled the fosse with their ruins, and afforded the Turks a passage to the breach where Paleologus fell.

When you view the admirable position of the valley for the battering train, and witness its dreadfully destructive effects on the walls and towers which fell before it, and which remain nearly as they were; when you witness the perfect state of the walls and towers in other parts, you cannot but be persuaded that you stand on the very spot where the grand struggle took place which decided the

fate of Constantinople. The desolation appears so fresh, that you can scarcely persuade yourself that centuries have elapsed since the event took place.

Over the gate of Top Kapouri, or rather in the wall over the gate, are three large marble balls containing Turkish or Arabian inscriptions, said to be in commemoration of the taking of the city; and near the Seven Towers, is a pile of stone balls, (not one of which is perfect,) the fragments of the missiles hurled by Mahomet against the walls of the devoted city, and which are kept there as memorials.

From Top Kapouri to the Golden Horn, the wall presents the same grand and frowning aspect, rising like a bold and perpendicular precipice from its bed of rock, setting the ravages of time at defiance.

I was exactly three hours in walking quite leisurely from the sea of Marmora to the harbour of Constantinople. I had two companions with me, and it was their opinion, as well as mine, that we walked at the rate of two miles per hour. I was extremely anxious to know how many towers guarded this immense line of wall. I requested my companions to count them, but the task was too great. I can form no estimate of them, and therefore shall not venture a conjecture. When you look along the amazing extent, the mind becomes bewildered by their multitude, and you are deterred from counting them. These venerable piles have left on my mind, an impression of grandeur, superior to any thing I had ever before witnessed.



At the Golden Horn, I embarked for the Seraglio Point, and carefully estimating the distance, I made it about three miles, perhaps a little more; and I can now safely say; that the crowded city of Constantinople, is not less in circuit than fourteen miles. I know of no way of estimating the population.

Since writing the foregoing, I have consulted the gentlemen who were with me, as to the probable distance of the towers, in each line of wall. Their opinion is, that they are about forty yards distant from each other, which agrees nearly with mine. Taking therefore, the length of the walls at six miles, and an English mile at 1760 yards; this gives 264 towers, for each line of wall; and in all, 528 towers. This, I should think, cannot exceed the truth; and when you take into consideration the height and area of these massive structures, containing a space on the top, sufficient for at least sixty fighting men, perhaps more, you may then form an idea of these stately and magnificent remains of the splendour of the former empire.

Mr. Jones, in his "Sketches of Naval Life," says, "that the whole range of the wall of Constantinople, is flanked with twenty-four towers, alternately round and square." Mr. Jones is generally correct, but I cannot conceive how he could have made so great a mistake. The fact is, I have never seen a correct description of the walls of Constantinople, nor any thing that could convey an idea of these noble remains.

Although the walls externally, at the places of

attack, have a very ruinous appearance, yet on examining the interior wall, it is found that it has been carefully built up; so as to admit of no communication with the city, except through the gates.

The wall on the side of the harbour, is single, with towers about thirty feet high, in good condition; but almost hid by the number of houses that are crowded against it. That on the sea side, is in many places in a bad state from its exposure to the weather, and the sea beating against its base, which, although every where protected by large masses of marble, and shafts of column, (the spoils of other ages,) which are built in with it, is still found unable to resist the slow, but certainly destructive operations of time. Every where in the wall, are inserted, apparently without order, Greek inscriptions, particularly in that part surrounding the seraglio.

Within, is a thick and crowded population; narrow streets, not sufficient for two carriages to pass each other; and without, an extensive, barren plain, a dreary solitude, with scarcely an object to rest your eye upon, but grave-stones and cypress trees; death and desolation. So much for the walls of Constantinople.

Yours most truly

## LETTER XIX.

Kadi Kieuy, May 1, 1832.

MY DEAR ———,

EVERY body has heard of the “At-meidan,” the ancient Hippodrome. The Turks call it the “et-meidan.” Now “etmcidan” means the horse-place, which was the ancient signification; and “et-mcidan,” means the “eating place,” or rather, “meat-place;”—because here the Janizaries were served with their mutton and other articles of provision. Although “horse-place,” and “meat-place,” are of very different signification, it is not worth while to inquire which is wrong, when it is evident that both are right. Those who gave it the ancient, as well as those who gave it the modern appellation, are equally correct; for it has been as much used for the training of horses, as for the serving out of rations.

The “at-mcidan” is an oblong square of between 250 and 300 yards in length, and not quite half as much in breadth. On one side stands the mosque of Sultan Achmet, and on the other are extensive barracks, built on the side of those which were occupied by the Janizaries, and destroyed during the revolt. There are some other buildings which

occupy this side, and among the rest, a menagerie, (as I am informed, for I was never in it), and a manufactory of carriages and paint shops. Each end is enclosed by buildings not worthy of note.

The mosque of Sultan Achmed is a very magnificent building, enclosed by a marble base wall with square columns on it, and the spaces between these filled in with a handsome iron fence. The base wall is about four and a half feet high, and the whole height of the enclosure about ten feet. The wall and the columns are in some places well spattered with the shot fired from the Janizary barracks, and wherever one struck and fastened, it has left a black spot of considerable diameter.

There is an old building also, which makes part of the enclosure of the mosque, which has been well *peppered*, as well as a temple which adjoins it.

There is an inner court to the mosque of Sultan Achmed, to which I was admitted. I am not sufficiently an architect to undertake a description of the whole, but I must say that there was a peculiarity in the style of the arches and the colonnade, as well as in the capitals of the columns, the niches and other ornaments of the court, which were strikingly beautiful. The columns are all very ancient, and are the spoils of other buildings. Their proportions were of those orders known to us, but not so their capitals, which were truly oriental, and may be imagined by fancying the stalactites of limestone cone formation, which would greatly resem-

ble them, if cut into rich and regular figures, and then polished.

I looked through the window into the mosque. There was a solitary mussulman at his devotions, his face towards Mecca, his back towards me. The interior was dark and gloomy; many coloured lamps were pendant from the ceiling; the floors were of brick and much worn, and the whole destitute of ornament, except the coloured lamps already mentioned. The mosque of Sultan Achmed is a very extensive and massive building, the exterior proportions of which are, to my inexperienced eye, beautiful. There are other mosques which are larger, particularly Sulciman's; but I think Achmet's is the pride of Constantinople. It has six minarets. There is a delicate neatness about the minaret, which far exceeds in beauty our most magnificent and towering steeples. There is also a beautiful uniformity about them that is highly pleasing. I cannot give you a better idea of a minaret than this. Imagine an immense alabaster candlestick, with a pure white spermaceti candle of proportionate size, with an extinguisher of lead, copper or gold. On the top of this, from a delicate stem, which is scarcely visible, twinkles a golden crescent, the ancient arms of Byzantium, and the present arms of the Ottomans. From the part which represents the top of the candlestick, may be heard the mellow tones of the musseiam, like a voice from heaven, crying, "God is great! come to prayer! come to prayer! come to prayer! for prayer is better than

food!" The Turks are certainly a very pious people. Fountains for washing the hands and feet, and elevations by the way-side, with a stone placed thereon, pointing the direction to Mecca, are every where to be found; and it is an every day, nay, an every hour occurrence, for a Turk to stop suddenly in the street, or wherever he may be, and offer up his adorations to God. They seem to me to be actuated by sudden pious impulses. I do not think they have any regular times to go to the mosques.

In the centre of the atmeidan is a large Egyptian obelisk of granite, of a single piece, and covered on every side with hieroglyphics. This is supported by an immense block of white marble, covered with innumerable figures in bass-relief, representing victories, dances, triumphal games, &c. From this, the obelisk is separated by four brass props, or feet.

The marble base already described, rests on another, covered with inscriptions and devices; and among the latter, is a representation of the manner of erecting the obelisk, which appears to have been effected chiefly by means of a mound of earth gradually raised on one side of it. The whole may be about sixty feet high.

Near this, is the famous brazen column, called the Delphic Column, said to be contemporaneous with Xerxes, and formed by four brazen snakes entwined together. The heads are broken off. This very ancient column is about twelve feet high, and by some breaks in the side of it, is seen to be hollow. How far it is buried in the ground, we

know not. A very old Turk told me it was several feet.

Beyond this, to the south, is a square column of ninety or a hundred feet in height, built of blocks of stone, and from the mortices every where to be seen, it has evidently been covered with plates of brass.

The obelisk was erected by Theodosius ; the square column by Constantine ; and was considered in his day, as more wonderful than the Colossus of Rhodes.

Beyond and to the southwest of the atmeidan, is the great burnt porphyry column, which I before mentioned. I think it is in five or six pieces, and every joint is endeavoured to be connected by what was once, no doubt, beautiful wreaths of flowers ; but time, and the innumerable fires to which Constantinople is subject, have so defaced and shattered it, that they have been compelled to keep it together by large bands of iron, which greatly disfigure it. This column is from ninety to a hundred feet high, swelling out of the base. This was undoubtedly intended for the support of a statue, as the shaft ends abruptly, without a capital. Gibbon says, it originally consisted of ten pieces of porphyry, on a marble pedestal of ten feet in height ; the whole a hundred and twenty feet from the ground, and surmounted by a statue of Apollo. It was erected by Constantine, and at that time stood in the middle of the atmeidan or hippodrome. Time and circumstances have removed or retrenched the latter.

I refer you to Gibbon, as I do not profess to dabble in history. I describe what I have seen with my own eyes, and without reference to any other authority. Constantinople *as it is*, not Constantinople *as it was*.

Not far from the atmeidan, are two extensive cisterns, or ancient reservoirs, for the water brought to the city, by the noble aqueduct which now traverses it, and is partly in ruins.

These cisterns are yet of an immense depth, though partly filled up with sediment. They are covered with solid brick arches which are now in good order, and are supported by many columns. One of the cisterns is called by travellers "the thousand and one columns;" but I should not think there were so many. These columns, with their respective capitals, stand one on another; and on many of them may be found Greek inscriptions.

One of these reservoirs is occupied by spinners of silk, the other by spinners of cotton. A more wretched set of beings than are to be found in these damp and gloomy places, it would be difficult to find elsewhere. From the time of my entrance, to that of my exit, I was incessantly importuned by them for "paras." They were chiefly young male Greeks, many of them children.

While I now think of it, I will state a fact that may give you an idea of the rate at which the water runs from the time it leaves the bends of Belgrade, until it reaches Pera, one of the suburbs of Constantinople. In great scarcities of water, which



frequently happen in the latter part of the summer and fall, the Turks are very observant of the weather, and they have assured me, that it is not until the third day after the fall of rain, that they receive the benefit of it by means of the aqueducts. The stream is very slow certainly, but I had not supposed the rate of it so slow as six or seven miles per day. It is said, that at those seasons, a person is stationed on the "Giant's Mount," to give notice when a dark cloud appears over the Black Sea; the certain precursor of rain. Dr. Walsh says, this is an ancient eastern custom, and quotes Elijah—"And I looked towards the sea, and beheld a cloud rising out of the sea, like a man's hand, and I gat me down, that the rain stopped me not."

The fact is, that, as I before observed, they have a mosque and some dervishes stationed on the mount; and to give warning of the approach of a cloud, may be a part of their occupation. A friend of mine, the Rev. Mr. Goodell, now usefully employed here in the establishment of Lancasterian free schools, and who speaks and reads the Turkish language well, has recently copied and translated an inscription on the walls of this mosque, the purport of which is, that "Joshua, the giant, was sent by Moses, for the purpose of chastising the Greeks, with whom he was at war; that he arrived at this mountain, and wanting sufficient light to enable him to do the thing properly, he caused the sun and moon to stand still." However, I shall get a copy of it and send it to you. In the Scriptures, the fact

of the sun and moon standing still, is given on the authority of Joshua, who wrote a book which has been lost. Now there can be no doubt that this account is taken from this lost book, and it would be a most curious circumstance, if I should be so fortunate as to recover it, by the means of this little inscription on a mosque, on the top of the Giant's Mount. I shall make an effort with the hope of success; for the book whence this is extracted, must still be in existence, and money can buy a copy of it.

There are two places where this book is referred to, in the Scriptures. First, in the tenth chapter of Joshua; and next, in the first chapter of the second book of Samuel. The holy writers seem to have thought him good authority, and his book would, without doubt, be of great use in elucidating many parts of the early Scriptures.

The "Keffing" season, or season for jollification, has now come on. I was with a party of ladies and gentlemen a few days since, for the first time, at the European Valley of Sweet Waters, which is at the head of the harbour of Constantinople, about three miles above ship navigation. Here we proceeded in our "kaicks," having previously despatched our domestics with our respective contributions, which were settled the evening previous to the party. We arrived about twelve o'clock, and found the place thronged with parties of all nations, classes, characters and descriptions. Here strutted the natty little Persian, with his tight frock coat,

with plaited skirts and standing collar, buttoned to the chin ; his slim waist, and padded breast and shoulders, and his peaked lamb-skin cap ; a beautiful specimen of a dandy, for all of whom the Persian served as a model. Next the Persian Turk, with his milk-white turban, his flowing robes reaching to the ground, his ample "tjakchers" or trowsers, his full beard and cashmire girdle—the Armenian, with his long ears and calpack—the Greek, with his happy face and his fun—the Jew, with his dark eyes, his prominent features, and his look of abject meanness—the Bohemian, with his bag-pipe and cat-gut—the Egyptian, with her fortune-telling, her rags, and her brats—the Frenchman, with his vivacity and his roaring Marscillois—the Italian, the German, the Spaniard, &c. &c. ; all with their national peculiarities. The English travelling gentleman on his horse, with his "how d'ye do?" and his "how d'ye like my 'orse?" The pert clerk in his Sunday's best ; and some, who, from their manner of riding, you would suppose had never rode before, galloping races to the great inconvenience of the pedestrians. Others again, on their lively nags, *yawing* about, as if they were not even "bridle-wise." In fact, there was every sort of people ; even the English bag-man from Birmingham, with his short coat, broad skirts and big pockets, his corduroy breeches, and woollen gaiters. The Yankee captain, just promoted ; his hands as hard as a jack-ass' hoof, his new cloth coat with gilt buttons, his hat brushed to look like silk instead of felt ; the

upper part of his face as brown as a nut, the lower as white as chalk, from the protection afforded it by a beard just shaven, the growth of a ninety day's passage ; the whole man presenting a figure, as neat and as trig, as his fresh painted hermaphrodite, the "Two Sisters of Kennebec." Besides him, a nondescript of a diplomatist, called a Chargé, accompanied by a pseudo secretary, might be seen gliding about among the multitude. Here and there too, might be seen, a bluff-faced, vulgar looking devil, with an unintelligible dialect, sounding much like the Yorkshire half sailor, half blackguard. 'This is one of those characters, who manage to convey British goods to different parts of the world, with the honesty and skill of a drayman, and about as much mind as his horse. In naval phraseology, he is called the "*master* ;" in his own the "*captain*."

These various characters and nations, are scattered over this beautiful valley ; some seated under the fine shady trees with which it abounds ; others walking or riding about. Some, in groups of from a dozen to twenty, are eating and drinking, and listening to the wild-looking, wandering minstrels, who at this season of the year, flock to this place ; some of them seated around an equally savage-looking juggler, who is amusing a company with his tricks ; some are fascinated by an oriental tale-teller ; some by the comic conversation of a couple of buffoons ; among all of whom, may be found well dressed Greek and Armenian women, and not far from them, Turkish women with their children

and their slaves. These, with Turkish officers and soldiers, great numbers of the canaille, a dancing bear and a monkey or two, make up the society or "keff," at Kiakat-Kana, or the paper mill, from which the place takes its name.

The palace which now stands there was once a paper mill. The artificial lake, which served as a reservoir for the supply of the mill, is about half a mile long, of an oblong shape. Some little waterfalls are managed with pretty effect, and along the sides, under the shady trees, the walks are delightful. Take it altogether, on a Sunday, it is a very pleasant place to visit. On that day at least, at Kiakat-Kana, every one is privileged to be as great a fool as he pleases. The grave Armenian, is here the most lively of all animals; he quaffs down his raw "*rakie*" (a strong spirit which I believe is ar-rack) by the goblet; and soon gets as frolicsome and noisy as a donkey, and as frisky as an ape. The Jew on these occasions can also be jolly.

The Jewish women—the Lord help them!—are the ugliest in all Stamboul and its environs. It would be difficult to find a Rebecca among them, at least in beauty. I have not seen one that was merely tolerable; besides, they have a filthy and an unhealthy look. But the Greeks and Armenians are a different sort of creatures altogether.

The Jews here are the descendants of those who migrated from Granada, on the expulsion of the Moors. They all speak Spanish in considerable purity. It would be difficult for me to say how

they live. They are, however, here, as elsewhere, the rag-men and pedlers of the country.

The dress of the women is a black cloak with sleeves, similar to those worn by the Turks and Armenians. The hair is made up so as to give the head a round pumpkin-like appearance, and is wrapped round with white linen or muslin, which also covers the ears and neck up to the chin. The whole dress is mean and unsightly.

The same may be said of the dress of the men. It resembles that of the Armenians, except the head covering, which looks like a little low-crowned hat, with the rim cut off, and surrounded by a small, dirty, blue cotton or calico turban. But you can tell both sexes as far as you can see them; there is something in their carriage, and the general meanness of their appearance, which distinguishes them from every other people. You might suppose, that among the various religious sects opposed to the dominant religion that exist in this country, the miserable Jew would escape persecution from all others, except the Turks; not so. They are despised and persecuted by all the others. I shall enlarge further on the subject of the Jews in a future letter. Perhaps in no part of the world, are Christians more intolerant than in this. They have many privileges, it is true; but they fail not in their exercise, sadly to abuse them. On Easter Sunday, I went to the Fanar, the Greek quarter, and the situation of the Patriarchal church. The streets were crowded with Greek, Albanian, and Bulgarian Christians, in the height of

their revelry, singing, dancing, and drinking. The patriarch was seated near a window, and the better sort were rushing in to kiss his hand, and to receive from one of the priests a hard-boiled, stained egg; for the custom of staining eggs at Easter, exists here as well as among the Knickerbockers. On the receipt of the egg, a present is bestowed on the church. On the quay, and in the open spaces, the crowd was so great, that it was difficult to get through it. A guard of soldiers was there for the purpose of keeping order. A solitary Jew appeared; notice was given of him; all revelry ceased; every one seized a stone, and the whole crowd joined in pursuit of the Israelite. I thought the soldiers would have burst their sides with laughter! Moses got off.

From the Fanar, I proceeded across the harbour to the burrying ground, at the back of Scutary; the great place of diversion for the inhabitants of Scutary, Galata, Dalima-Basché, Cabee, Tatch, &c. Here I found an immense throng of all classes and religions, celebrating Easter with dance and song; and although among them were many Turks, both men and women, not one Jew was to be seen. On this occasion at least, they appeared to be proscribed by all parties. The Jews are employed in vast numbers, in selling sweet-meats, sugar-plumbs, &c. at jollifications in general; but on this occasion, their places were usurped by the Turks, Greeks, and Armenians.

Among the Greeks, there are two grand religious

divisions. The Greek Catholics, and the Roman Catholics. Their hatred of each other is so great that they scarcely associate. The one kneels before a statue, the other before a painting. The Greek Catholic seems disposed to compound with the other, by giving projecting arms and feet to his pictures; but the Roman Catholic seems in no way disposed to bite at the bait.

There are also two grand divisions among the Armenians, those who use the miron from the foot of Mount Ararat, and those who use the miron from Jerusalem. The miron, is the holy oil used in the last unction, and on other religious occasions. The Patriarch of Ararat, or Upper Armenia, once had the exclusive privilege of manufacturing and disposing of it in Armenia, Persia and Turkey, where immense quantities of it are used. The Bishop of Jerusalem, however, obtained from the Porte, the privilege of manufacturing it for the use of the Armenians in Turkey. This occasioned a terrible schism among them, for all communication has ceased to exist between those who use the miron of Ararat, and those who use that of the holy city. The miron is made of olive oil; into which are thrown various odorific herbs and drugs. It is boiled with holy things which have been used in the churches, such as old statues of saints, church ornaments, old and sacred books; to which are added the bones of persons who have been venerated among the people. The boiling takes place between Palm Sunday and Holy Thursday, during which



time, the patriarch, bishops and priests, are incessantly employed in blessing it.

The manner of manufacturing the oil in both places is precisely the same; but the true Armenian holds that none but what comes from the convent of *Echesniazin*, at the foot of Ararat, is effectual. The Armenian who has none of it within his household, is lost beyond redemption.

There are many other points of religious difference between the Greeks and Armenians, but these are the principal.

Since I began this letter, I have obtained a translation of the inscription on the mosque of the Giant's Mount; copied and translated by the Reverend Mr. Goodell, and the Reverend Mr. Farmer. The inscription is in the Turkish and the Arabic, and in both languages the same. It is as follows—

“This is the place of Lord Joshua, the son of Nun, on whom be peace; who was not of the family of the priests, but of the prophets. Lord Moses, on whom be peace, sent him against the Greeks. Now Lord Joshua, on whom be peace, on a certain day, in the first battle fought with the Greek nation, and while he was fighting, the sun went down on account of the Greek nation; but while he fought, the sun rose again, after he had gone down, and the Greek nation could not escape. The Greek nation saw the miracle of Lord Joshua, on whom be praise; and at that time, had Lord Joshua, on whom be praise, taught the faith, they would have received it. And should any one, male or female,

deny it, there is in the holy temple (at Jerusalem), a history. Let them look at that, and believe that he was a prophet. *Finis.*"

The word translated lord, is in the original, "*Haz-zetlery*," and corresponds with the French monseigneur. It might be rendered excellency, or any other high sounding title.

I have taken many pleasant rides about the mountains and plains of Chalcedon. I have drank at the foot of the mountain of Alem-dar; (the mountain of the people of the world,) from the fountain of Mercury, so famous for the purity of its waters, and whence the Sultan now receives his supply. I think I have found the site of the chapel built by Rufinus, where the council of Chalcedon was held; and I have been on the summit of the mountain of Boul-gourlou, the best point from which you can view Constantinople, the Bosphorus, the sea of Marmora, and the adjacent country.

Over the whole of this plain, you meet with fragments of marble, porphyry, &c., the wrecks of former temples and palaces; but they have all been engulphed in the insatiable maw of Stamboul. Even the walls of Chalcedon now form, what remains of the aqueduct of Valens, which is gradually yielding up its materials to other structures. The mosque of Suleiman, contains within it, the materials which composed the Christian church of Chalcedon.

Two great cities cannot long exist beside each other. One, in time, will certainly swallow up the

other; as has been the fate of Chalcedon, from its vicinity to Byzantium. All that is to be seen now of what was once so gay and beautiful, is about four or five hundred wooden houses. Its temple and palaces, and even their ruins, have disappeared. Its beautiful promontory and plain, the work of God, are all that remain of what was ancient.

I shall go in a short time to Broussa, of which I will give you a description. But I have not done yet with Constantinople. It is a wide and fertile field, and I have not even commenced the harvest.

I sometimes regret that I have kept no copies of my letters, as I am apt to forget what I have described to you, and what to others; and I am afraid of repeating to you what I have said before, and of omitting to you, what I have written to others of my correspondents.

My best regards to the family, and believe me,

Truly yours.

## LETTER XX.

Kadi Kieuy, May 15, 1832.

MY DEAR —,

ON the first day of May of every year, the Sultan sends all his horses into the meadows for the purpose of grazing. There they are kept for twenty-five or thirty days, during which time they receive no grain, nor are they permitted to be rode. The meadows now, at the back of this place, are filled with them; and the soldiers who are placed there with their tents to guard them, have a very animated appearance. I go among them frequently, and am always well received by both officers and men. They are always very respectful, never obtrusive, and extremely gratified whenever they can be of service. A kinder being, and a more guileless one, than the Turkish soldier, can no where be found. As I before mentioned to you, they are taken very young into the army, and from the interior provinces. They are immediately placed in barracks, and taught the duties and discipline of the soldier. They appear to have no vices; and as they are all country lads, without much difference in their ages, they have had little or no opportunity of learning any, and have none to teach them. The Turks are

not a vicious people, but on the contrary, very religious and moral.

These *boys*, however, differ altogether from the Turkish men of rank. They are the unmixed and unadulterated blood of the country. Whereas the Turkish mixture with the fair Circassian, has by long process, produced a race of men, who in point of beauty of face and form, are not surpassed any where. These are the Turkish *grandees*; whereas the Anatolians, and the others of whom I speak, are the offspring of labourers, and of mothers of no price and of no value. They are generally much below the ordinary stature, of quite dark skins and ugly features. It is quite rare to find a handsome face or a fair skin among them. But there is a spirit of good nature and cheerfulness which plays over their countenances, that more than atones for their want of beauty. Among the officers may be found some very handsome men, and particularly among those of the Sultan's guard; the barracks of which, as you will perceive by one of the plates, are near my house. They often visit me, and conduct themselves with very great propriety. They are generally young Circassians or Georgians, the liberated slaves of men of distinction, or the sons of *grandees*. No officers, or men of the army of any nation whatever, dress with more taste, or look better than the Sultan's guard; always excepting the red cap, which, although it be very unbecoming, is very comfortable to wear. The improvement which has taken place in their dress since my ar-

rival here, and indeed their general improvement, exceeds every thing that can be imagined. They hardly appear to be the same nation.

The manner of grazing the horses is this. One hind leg and a fore one are hobbled, but at sufficient distance. A stake is driven into the ground, to which the fore foot is attached, by a line of four or five feet long, and when he has eaten the grass close around the stake, the string is shifted to the hind foot, which enables him to take a wider sweep. Here he remains four or five days, by which time he eats the grass so close, that not a blade is to be seen. The stake is now moved forward so far, as to enable him to reach with his mouth some distance beyond the bare place, but not so far as to permit him to tread down the grass; and in this manner the horses are moved forward in straight lines, through a whole field of grass, without treading down a single spear or leaving one behind; and it is astonishing how many horses may, by this process, be fed on a few acres of ground. It is a matter of surprise to me, that this practice of grazing both horses and cattle has not been introduced among us. I am satisfied, that with us, the grass destroyed by the tread, and the lying down of the cattle and horses, and by the dropping of the manure, is at least five times as much, as would serve them by the practice adopted here.

At the expiration of twenty-five or thirty days, the horses are taken from the grass, in a fine state of health, and in good order. A few days' grain

gives them sufficient vigour to enable them to perform any service.

Of the many hundreds of horses in the aforesaid meadows, although there were some belonging to the officers which were very good ones, I saw none that could be called first rate, and not one Arabian; and what may appear very strange perhaps, the only, indeed *I am sure*, the only Arabian in Constantinople, is now in my possession. I bought him when sick, and cured him; and he is the admiration of all eyes, of surpassing beauty, and will command any price. He is a splendid likeness of Eclipse, without his heaviness. He is in fact, the most beautiful thing ever looked upon, with all the natural marks of the Arabian, which can never be mistaken.

The Turks say, that an Arabian horse, and a Persian boy, are the handsomest animals in creation; and I should think so. This horse is from Suleimani, in Kaurdistan, and was the property of an Aga, from whom I bought him. I asked him for his pedigree, his reply was, "I do not know his pedigree, nor did the man from whom I bought him. Kourds, when they steal horses, steal only the best, and *never ask for the pedigree*. If you have any doubts of his pure Arabian blood, look at the tree on his neck and spurs at his fet-locks, and you will be satisfied." These latter were of the size, and near the length of the little finger, turning up like those of a cock. The "tree," as he called it, or as others call it, the "guul or rose," begins on both

sides, half way down the neck, with a small black spot, as large nearly as a pea; around this, his fine short silky hair makes many eccentric turns, until it gets to the size of a dollar; it then shoots up in a stem towards the ear, and branches off like an ostrich feather. This beautiful natural mark, a sure proof of the purity of the breed, is so changeable in the rays of the sun, that at every movement of the head of the animal, it appears like a rich plume waving in the air.

The gentleness of the creature is also remarkable, and may be considered as a proof of his education, among the tents of the Kourds. Man appears to be his companion. He manifests the same attachment to him as the house-dog. You may do what you please with him; you may climb up by his tail, by his neck, crawl under his belly, and between his legs. He will play with you, but never hurt you. Mount on his back, and he is as fleet as the wind, and as pleasant and easy as a car on a railway. I am in hopes of getting him to the United States.

The weather is getting warm, but it is very delightful in the shade. Every thing is in full leaf, and the trees are loaded with their half-grown fruit. You may, day after day, nay, hour after hour, trace the rapid growth of the vine. My garden is filled with singing birds of every description, particularly the nightingale; and there is a beauty in the appearance of the whole country that is charming. Within these three days past, more than three hundred sail of ships and brigs, have passed my win-



dow for Constantinople and the Black Sea; and as far as my vision can extend down the sea of Marmora, appears a long thick line of them, reaching from the Seraglio Point, and terminating in a speck. These are of all nations under the sun, except Americans, of which I do not believe there is one! It is astonishing how indifferent our countrymen are to the rich commerce of this great and wonderful empire, as well as that of the Black Sea.

Every petty people in existence, Sardis, Neapolitans, Genoese, Seven Islanders, &c. &c., are fattening on it; and we alone, of all the world, are supine. Is this owing to our indifference, or our ignorance?

I, myself, am not sufficiently acquainted with commerce to go into any details respecting that of Turkey; but I can see the forests of masts which fill the Golden Horn, and the countless number of vessels which pass and repass the sea of Marmora; and there is nothing more wanting to convince me of its vast importance. To enter into mercantile details requires extensive mercantile knowledge, of which I have none; and although great is my wish to furnish information on the subject, I am deterred from the attempt by the apprehension of not acquitting myself well.

When I last wrote to you, the minister intended to start immediately for Broussa, the great silk manufacturing district of this part of the empire. As I have taken some little interest in the matter, I want to see how it is managed on a large scale. I ex-

pected then to have been there before this, and intended to visit Nicodemia and Nice, either on my way there or back; but on sending for a Teskera or passport, (a thing which any ordinary individual can obtain in half an hour), the minister found that to get one for an Elche Bey was not so easy a matter. The whole porte was thrown into agitation when it was informed that he was going to travel. The Belickje Effendi, dared not issue the Teskera, before he informed the Reis Effendi; and the Reis Effendi could not give his consent before he consulted the Kaimaican, who declined giving an opinion on the subject, before he took the orders of the Sultan. And thus the thing rests, while five hired horses and three hired attendants, (besides my own horses and servants) are standing ready for the journey at the minister's gate, where they have been for four days past; and all this for no other reason in the world, than that the officers of the porte may have time to find out, what could have produced so extraordinary an event as the travelling of an Elche Bey; a thing unheard of before in the annals of the Ottomites; and a journey too, of at least three or four days; Prodigious! For my part, I must acknowledge, that I feel a little crusty about it; and were it not necessary that as an Elche Bey, *he* should clap a stopper (as sailor's say) on his impatience and temper, the minister would ere this, have expressed his discontent in no measured terms.

I sent you some time since, a third set of plates

of views of the Bosphorus, with a few pages of explanations. I intended that they should have gone by the brig *Topaz*, but she left Smyrna before they got there by post. Mr. Offley, our consul there, wrote me, that he should send them by a vessel for Boston, but I requested him by letter, yesterday, not to do so on account of the postage. You will get them in time by a vessel to New-York.

*May 17.*—I had scarcely finished the foregoing, when a “fir” brig, and a “fir” schooner, “with bits of striped buntin,” hove in sight, at the very tip end of the tail of the apparently interminable fleet. I soon got papers by them, and some old letters; nothing else.

The minister has at last got his *Teskera*, and also a firman. A firman is a thing of some consequence, it being nothing more nor less than an order from the Padi Schah, to all pachas, beys, governors, im-aums, agas, &c, to give the minister all aid, assistance and protection, on his journey to and from Broussa. The reason assigned for the delay, was, that the Padi Schah himself, was about visiting Broussa, and that therefore, it was necessary to know from him, whether an Elche Bey and he, could inhabit the same town at the same time. I find that the affairs of Greece occupied the attention of the divan; and not the contemplated visit to Broussa. They object to a king, but have no objection to Greece being governed by a prince; as are Moldavia and Wallachia.

All the fleet has dropped down to Gallipoli. I

have just received letters from Alexandria and Syria, I am too much in haste to give you the contents of all, but I send you one from a Mr. Cohen, which will give you an outline of the state of things. I should think from its tenor, that he would like to see part of it in print. You will perceive by it that the "old man of the mountains," still holds his own.

I calculate on a pleasant and interesting trip to Broussa. I think I shall go far enough up Olympus to touch the snows. Olympus is near Broussa, or what is the same thing Broussa is at the foot of Olympus.

Yours in haste.

P. S. This last scrap is written at ten P. M. At three P. M. to-morrow, I put foot in the stirrup; Tartar, serrugé, canoss, and yacksackgé, with horses, are all ready.

## LETTER XXI.

Kadi Kieuy, June 1, 1832.

MY DEAR —,

AFTER four days' delay, the officers of the port sent the minister his firman and Teskera, with an apology, stating that as the Sultan had intended to visit Broussa, they could not give him his passports until his wishes were consulted. This is all very well ; but it was an apology, and that was enough.

Our party consisted of the minister, Mr. Goodell, and myself, of course. Mustapha, his canoss, Stephano, my valet *de pied*, and de chambre, for I have my servants to do double duty, and have therefore reduced the number one half. A serrugé, or man to serve as guide, and to take care of the horses, which were six in number, including the one which carried our beds and baggage. Mustapha, in the plenitude of his pride, as the leader and protector of so respectable a cavalcade, had two days previously, caused his silver mounted pistols, ataghan, dagger and fire tongs, to be newly burnished, and placed in the highest state of order, and also his baton of office, which is an ebony staff of three and a half feet in length, with a large brass knob, as big as

the head of a good sized andiron, and a corresponding ferule of at least a foot long.

By the bye, I must tell you what it takes to make a "canoss." First, a grave and respectable looking Turk, with a formidable pair of mustachios, but no beard; a fiery suit of red clothes, with open sleeves to the outside jacket, which, when hanging at the side, give him the appearance of a man with two pair of arms, or doubly armed, as he in fact is. A broad leathern belt, which passes three or four times round his body, and over this a rich woollen one, or sometimes a cashmire. In the leathern belt are inserted, first, the aforesaid "ataghan" and dagger; next a pair of heavy and long pistols, a pair of steel tongs, inserted in a brass sheath, and intended for the purpose of handling coals wherewith to light his pipe or his neighbour's; a scratching stick, a machine about two feet long terminating like a half closed hand, for the purpose of scratching the back; a watch, with a long and broad silver chain loaded with all sorts of trinkets, and pendent nearly to the knee, or what answers as well, a chain without the watch. In this belt is also thrust a richly embroidered purse, sometimes with, but more frequently without, money. In the present instance, Mustapha had two hundred piasters of my money. All these things are stowed away in front, and appear, as a Yankee would say, "a pretty considerable load." Behind, suspended by a golden cord, and contained in a richly embroidered case, is the Koran; and by its side, tucked into the ample belt, is a rich sack,

highly ornamented, containing half an "Oke" of the choicest smoking tobacco ; also a bag containing his fire-works, to-wit : flint, steel and spunk. His right hand holds the staff of office, before described, as bright as gold, and heavy enough to knock down an ox ; and in his left, is a pipe, almost as long as an Arab's spear. These things, with half a dozen amulets about the neck, to keep off "the evil eye," a pair of ample red Turkish breeches, a sturdy, well-formed pair of legs, naked from the knee downward ; a high red cap, with a full blue tassel, to cover the head, and a pair of loose red morocco slippers to cover the lower extremities, and you have a "canoss," armed and equipped at all points. It would do your heart good to see him strut under this load of furniture, not one particle of which would he be induced on any account, to leave behind him. Being the best dressed, most completely equipped, and formidable looking personage of the company, Mustapha was sure of receiving the homage of all the villages through which we passed, and I am sorry to say, that on one occasion, I caught him in the act of occupying the very best room and bed in the village, while I occupied the open porch or gallery of the house, with nothing but a thin mattress between me and the hard oak open floor. But I must do him the justice to say, that the fault originated in the mistake of the villagers, who supposed him, as they afterward informed me, to be an aga.

On the seventeenth of May, about twelve o'clock, after Mustapha had placed an amulet around his

horses' neck, we proceeded on our journey. Our road, the greater part of which was well paved and wide enough for carriages, ran along the shores of the Sea of Marmora, and passed through several neat villages, and in sight of others. The country on each side was well cultivated, the views beautiful, and nothing could be more agreeable than our seven hours' ride to the village of Tusla, or Salt-town; which is situated in a beautiful, rich and highly cultivated plain on the shores of the gulf of Nicomedia. Wherever there was any bend in the shores, which by means of art could be converted into any thing like a tolerable harbour, we found the ruins of a wall for the protection of small craft, and vestiges of ancient buildings. At one village the ancient walls were still standing, and in tolerable preservation; at another place, the walls of a ruined circus or amphitheatre, and at a third, the remains of what had once been a temple; but the columns and other ornamental parts had shared the fate of every thing of the kind within stripping distance of Stamboul. All these villages are occupied by Greeks, kind, good-natured and tricky, but generally quite poor.

The principal culture of the plain of Tusla are cherries, onions, grapes, mulberry, for the silk-worms, and various kinds of grain. Cherries and onions are cultivated in immense quantities. Of the latter may be seen whole and very extensive fields, laid out with great care and neatness, and well irrigated. The people of this country understand this process



extremely well, and wherever there is a stream of water, they are sure to turn it to good account. Indeed, without irrigation, in a climate so dry as this, it would be difficult to obtain returns of any value ; for lands which cannot be watered, produce crops that are worthless, compared to the others.

We arrived late at Tusla, which is about two miles off the road, and as we knew not where to find shelter for ourselves and horses, I directed Mustapha to proceed to the Aga, and claim from him the rites of hospitality. We found him seated on an elevated platform, in front of his house, which we ascended by steps. He never rose from his seat, or showed the least kind of attention to us. Mustapha had neglected to mention the Elche Bey. A number of Greeks of the village were standing around in silence and awe, watching every movement of his scowling gray eyes. On his lap lay a well worn whip, of the thick skin of the hippopotamus. There was no expression on his countenance, but that of stupid, brutal, and sullen anger. After hearing a statement of our wants, he grunted to a Greek, "find them lodgings." The Greek, after an absence of a few minutes, returned, and conducted us to the house of a family of his nation, exceedingly poor and miserable, but who would have relinquished to us their beds, and every little comfort they possessed, had we permitted it. After a comfortable supper of bread and yauort, (curdled milk) and such provisions as we had taken with us, we went to bed, where we slept soundly. In the morn-

ing we asked for our bill, but they refused to make any charge. I gave the pretty little woman of the house, a "Bacsth'Tasch" (a present of five or six times the amount which they would have charged), with which she was much delighted. She was a delicate young woman, of certainly not more than seventeen or eighteen years of age, and the mother of three children. It is astonishing at what a tender age the women marry here. I have known a girl of between twelve and thirteen years of age, after a few days' courtship, marry a man of forty, to be unfaithful a week after, and to run away in a fortnight.

Before we started on our journey in the morning, it was known through the village, that an Elche Bey was there, and that he had given "Bacsth'Tasch." Our house was soon crowded with women and children, the relations of our landlady, to whom we distributed a few piasters, and the street was filled with the descendants of the Aga and others, to whom we gave nothing. Among the crowd was his *Excellency*, who in his hurry and agitation in pressing forward to make his salaam to the minister, dropped his whip, which was afterward picked up by one of the Greeks and delivered to him. It is surprising how much a man's countenance may be improved by a smile. He was now an extremely pleasant looking fellow, exceedingly polite, and begged that on the return of the minister he would pass through his village, as he wished to do him some honors. Not knowing who he was the evening before, he dared not smile, without the fear of com-

promising his dignity with his people, but finding he was an Elche, whose hand every one wished to kiss, he could afford to look pleasant without risk.

On going out of Tusla, we saw a singular remnant of antiquity. It was a very large and high stone tower, the whole mass of which had been thrown, by some violent shake of the earth, to an inclination of many degrees, and was supported by a mass of ruins, which must at the same instant have rolled under it. It has a most extraordinary appearance.

Our road now lay along the beautiful gulf of Nicomedia. We passed one very elevated ridge of mountains which gave us fine views of the country back, as well as of the gulf and the Asiatic shores, which were lined with villages. The country was every where, highly cultivated and beautiful. At an elevated place, we passed through a large Turkish town, with a magnificent mosque, and stopped to take some refreshments at a miserable little village, about half way between Tusla and Nicomedia, situated on the sea shore, near the mouth of a beautiful little rivulet where there is a mill; and on a hill overlooking it, are the ruins of an ancient castle, which, like all the other ruins of this country, whatever may be their antiquity, are said by the Turks to be Genoese. They seem, in fact, to have no idea of a period antecedent to that in which the Genoese were the great traders to this country, where their commercial establishments appear to have been always protected by strong castles. With Mustapha, every thing old and curious, was *Genoese*.

Seeing once, a line of enormous rocks which nature had in one of her freaks, placed along the side of a mountain, I asked Mustapha what it meant? Genoese, says he.

The soil about this village is pulverised limestone, as white as chalk, yet fruit trees and vines grow in it with astonishing luxuriance. Thence we proceeded by an excellent road, along the shores of the gulf, which were enlivened by various craft that were beating up towards Nicomedia, now called "Nic-Mid;" the approach to which is very beautiful. It is situated at the bottom of the gulf, on the side of a hill, and shows to very great advantage. Like all Turkish towns, the delicate spires of the minarets of the mosques, and the pointed aspiring cypress, serve greatly to ornament it. The beautiful and highly cultivated vegetable gardens, and nurseries of fruit trees, as you approach the town, all enclosed in substantial stone walls, and well supplied with streams of water for irrigation, are well worthy of notice. I had never before seen gardens in such great perfection.

On entering the town, we found the streets narrow and dirty, as is universally the case with the towns of this country. There was some stir of business. Here the Sultan has a small navy yard, with a good store of timber; and two small vessels, apparently gun boats, were on the stocks. The houses of the establishment are substantial and well constructed.

We put up at the "Khan," which is an immense covered enclosure, with accommodations for horses; and at the back of the troughs, near the wall, is room to spread a bed. There are also fire places, for the convenience of travellers to cook their food; and this is all the accommodation a Khan affords. The coffee room at the entrance of the large door or gate, and the two or three small and filthy rooms above, to which you crawl by means of a rickety ladder, at the risk of breaking your neck, are separate concerns, in which the Khan-jé has no interest.

We found the people kind and attentive in their way; but they know nothing of comfort themselves, according to our ideas, and of course know not how to provide it for others. Give a Turk a mat to sleep on, a pipe, and a cup of coffee, and you give him the sum total of all earthly enjoyments.

We had been ten hours on horse-back, of course were tired, too much so, for supper; we therefore spread our beds for sleep. The police-officers soon arrived to know who we were. The minister left Mustapha to answer these questions, and to get his firman and teskera countersigned, and at the same time directed him to deliver to the muselim or governor, a letter from the Imaum of Kadi Kieuy, which had been given to him for that purpose. Mustapha soon returned with many compliments from the muselim, and regrets that he had not come direct to his house. He brought an order to all the Agas and heads of villages within his government, to sup-

ply all his wants, and pay every possible attention and respect to him and his party. This we found extremely useful every where.

The only ancient ruin to be seen in this place is the palace of Dioclesian, and a temple near it. The columns forming the portico of the temple, have long since disappeared, as may be seen by the worn state of the pedestals on which they stood; and ere this, the temple itself is gone, for they were employed in taking it down, block by block, for the purpose of constructing a building for the manufactory of red caps for the troops of the Sultan. It was composed of gray granite, and was a beautiful specimen of architecture. The greater part of the palace had been worked up into other buildings, and from what was remaining of this we could discover that more attention had been paid to the strength, than to the beauty of the structure. It appears more like the ruin of a castle than a palace.

On the level ground, and in the shade of a grove, between the temple and the palace, the dignitaries of the church and the state, as well as the principal persons of the town, had assembled for the purpose of offering up prayers for rain. The Imaum was seated in a kind of portable pulpit, a little elevated. The others were seated on the ground. He was addressing the congregation with great earnestness, to which they appeared to pay profound respect; but our appearance soon attracted their notice, and no further attention was paid to the Imaum. Many

indeed, left their seats, to come to look at, and talk with us. Seeing that our presence had produced disturbance, the minister was about leaving the spot, when an attendant on the governor came to him and said, that his excellency would be very much obliged to him if he would go away, and return some other time, when they were not engaged at prayers. Of course he retired. It was curious to observe the bustle which the appearance of two strangers in frank dresses occasioned, by the curiosity they excited; and the more so, as there were at the time, hundreds of Greek and Armenian boys, wrestling, scuffling, playing ball, screaming, halloing and cutting all sorts of capers, around the congregation without disturbing it, or exciting any attention whatever.

In this place, there are two Armenian churches and one Greek; and two or three miles distant, there is an Armenian convent. The churches we visited. In the convent, are half a dozen or more Jews, who a few years since turned Christians, and who were banished by the Sultan, at the earnest desire of the Jewish priesthood, for so doing, as was also the Armenian Bishop, who baptised and who is now with them. The Jews would certainly have murdered them, if they had remained in Constantinople; therefore, to save their lives, it was necessary that they should be banished, and thus protected. Great interest is now being made by the Armenians, to obtain permission for them to

return. As there is nothing done here without "Bacsth Tasch," the Sultan finds his account in deciding on such matters.

From Nicomedia, we crossed an immense and fertile plain, the upper part, highly cultivated, near the shore of the gulf, covered with salt-ponds, and the intermediate space with herds of cattle and buffaloes. The buffaloes of this country are the ugliest monsters in creation. They are without exception, black, with very thinly scattered hair, and sometimes without any. They carry their head in a horizontal position, directly at the back of which, grow a slightly crooked, and rough pair of flat, black horns, which curve close to each side of the neck, and seem of no earthly use except to prevent them from turning their heads to the right or left. Their eyes are frequently of a most unmeaning china-like whiteness, and it is no uncommon thing to see them with one white and one black eye, and often with the same eye half black and half white. Their tails are hairless, and their walk slow, heavy, and apparently painful. They are exceedingly fond of lying in the mud and water, where they endeavour, if possible, to cover themselves entirely except the nose and eyes, and a small part of the head. They are useful in drawing wagons, and are perfectly tractable. I could not learn that their flesh was eaten, or their milk drunk. Nothing can be more hideous than their appearance, not even that of the camel. After crossing the plain, we arrived on the southern shore of Nicomedia, and travelled on the beach, sometimes



leading round promontories, until eight o'clock at night, when we arrived at the Turkish village of Karemsal, where we put up for the night in a coffee-shop, after having disposed of our horses at the Khan.

Our ride this day, though long and fatiguing, was interesting from the immense number of ruins of towns to be seen on the perpendicular banks, now laved by the waves of the gulf. Some of these ruins are of great solidity and strength, and tiles and brick work every where manifest the dense population which once lined these beautiful shores. The ruins are generally from ten to fifteen feet below the superincumbent soil, which is a rich mould, evidently the washings of the steep mountains a short distance back, and brought down by the torrents which undoubtedly destroyed the towns;—successive ages having added to the accumulation.

We passed in the course of the day some Greek villages not worthy of note. There are some singular formations of sand-banks a little above the level of the waters of the gulf, over which we rode. These have cut off some small but pretty lakes from the main water, and evidently show a tendency to cut the gulf itself up into lakes in time, by their encroachments toward the northern shores.

Among other things curious to be seen, was part of an ancient conduit for water, leading to the beach, of great strength and perfection of masonry. My opinion is, that it was intended for the supply of water for a mill, about a mile from this place. Near

the source whence the water came is a village called by the Turks "*Deyermen Kieuy*," or mill village, which confirms the opinion. But what is extraordinary about this is, that an enormous button-wood tree (I did not measure it, but think it is as much as twenty feet in circumference) has thrown its roots across this mass of masonry, and stands straddling triumphantly, and spreading widely its branches over this work of man.

At Karemsal, the minister sent his firman and the letter of the governor of "Nic-Mid," to the aga. He soon called on him accompanied by his guards, and according to the Turkish custom, presented him with a bunch of roses. He begged and entreated him to consent to change his quarters for more comfortable lodgings, but he declined his proposal in consequence of excessive fatigue. We had been at least twelve hours on horseback. He smoked a pipe and took a cup of coffee with us; and after charging the keeper of the coffee-shop to pay us every attention, bade us good night.

We slept soundly, and departed early next morning, at right angles with the shores of the gulf, up a steep mountain, with exceedingly bad roads, and very difficult of ascent; but when we arrived at the summit, we were richly repaid for our trouble by the splendid view which presented itself. The gulf was like a map beneath our feet, the smallest indentation of the coast was visible, we could trace the projecting sand-spits to their sharpest points and angles. From the giddy height on which we stood,

"The tall anchored bark  
Diminished to her cock ; her cock, a buoy  
Almost too small for sight."

During the fore part of this day, our journey was all up hill and down dale ; and although I have had many ups and downs in life, I never had so many in one half day before. No sooner had we crossed one ridge as high as the clouds, than we were doomed to descend into a ravine of corresponding depth on the other side, and in many places, the path was so cut in and narrowed, as to make it difficult for our baggage horse to squeeze through ; but even here we had the compensation of looking back at the rich, extensive and luxuriant vineyards, which covered the southern sides of these steep mountains. In other respects, we found little or no cultivation ; and not one habitation, inhabitant or traveller. At length, in apparently somewhat descending, we discovered about two miles to the left of our road, a Turkish village, which may always be known by the cypress trees and burying-ground ; and soon after this, an Armenian village, which may be known by the neat cultivation, the fine shady trees, the mill-race, and an air of primitive patriarchal sort of comfort, which seems to be thrown over it. You can once in a while, at a distance, see something like a petticoat moving about ; herds of cattle ; flocks of sheep, goats, &c. none of which are visible on your approach to a Turkish town, where all is still and gloomy.

Shop keepers you will find sitting cross-legged,

waiting for their customers, too lazy and indolent to rise for the purpose of taking down an article for inspection. What is curious, the Turks are always sellers; the Greeks and Armenians are sometimes sellers, but always buyers. It is a truth, that I have never seen a Turk buy any thing since I have been in the country. They are absolutely too indolent to buy. Neither have I ever seen a Turk work, if there was a possibility of his being idle. I have never seen one stand, if by any possibility he could be seated. A blacksmith sits cross-legged at his anvil, and seats himself when he shoes a horse. A carpenter seats himself when he saws, bores holes, or drives a nail, planes, dubs with his small adze, or chops with his hatchet, (I believe I have named all his tools), if it be possible to do so without standing. A Turk, it is true, will visit a coffee-shop and take coffee, if that can be called buying; but he takes with him his own chibouk (pipe), and his own tobacco pouch. Whether they buy their own pipes or tobacco, I cannot say, never having seen them do so.

Nothing can be more gloomy than the appearance of things on entering a Turkish village. It is as quiet as the grave; the streets are narrow; the doors all shut and locked; the windows all latticed; not a human being to be seen in the filthy streets; a growling half-starved dog, or a bitch with her hopeful progeny, which depend for their subsistence on some depository of filth, is all you meet with of animated nature. You proceed through the inhospitable

pitiable outskirts despairing of meeting wherewith to satisfy the calls of nature, or a place of shelter, when you at length arrive at perhaps half a dozen filthy little shops of six feet square, in each of which you discover, a solitary, squatting, smoking, silent Turk. He may glance his eyes at you, but will not turn his head; that would be too much trouble. Now investigate the contents of these shops, and you will find as follows: five or perhaps six girths for pack horses, made of goat's hair; half a dozen halters for horses; fifteen or twenty pounds of rancid Russian butter; a small box containing from one to two pounds of salt, and half a pound of ground pepper. A few bars of curd cheese, looking very much like Marseilles soap, not much better in taste and not so good for digestion. One quart of black, salt olives; half a pound of sewing twine cut into needle-fulls; one clothes line, half a dozen loaves of brown bread, and two bunches of onions with a string of garlick. Nine times out of ten, you will find this to be the stock in trade of a Turkish village shop keeper; and over this, in his pitiful box will he sit and smoke, day after day, without seeking a purchaser, or apparently caring whether one comes or not. If one calls and asks if he has any particular article, his reply is simply, without raising his eyes, "yoke," no. "Can you inform me where I may procure the article?" "Yoke." It is of no use to try to get any thing more out of him. He is as silent as the grave. If he has the article asked for, he hands it to you, and names the price.

When the money is laid on the counter, he merely brushes it with his hand through the hole in the till, and then relapses into his former apathy. No compliments, no "thanks for favors received, no "call again if you please." Not the slightest emotion can be discovered. He never raises his eyes to see who his customer is or was; he sees nothing but the article sold, and the money, and he would disdain to expend a breath, or perform an action, that was not indispensable to the conclusion of the bargain. He makes you feel that you are under great obligation to him for the trouble he has taken in selling you the article. As you recede from the capital, these traits of Turkish character become stronger and stronger. So of their dress, it savours more of the ancient. Turbans are rare in Constantinople, but in these remote and obscure villages every petty shop keeper is literally buried under them. Arms, except with the military, are never worn at Stamboul; but the petty gentry of the village and country are never seen without a pair of pistols and an attaghan stuck in their belts. Oh! how I have wished that Pade Schah had hold of them for a while, to take the strut out of them, as he has done out of all those of his capital. I have seen one of these fellows armed to the teeth, with an embroidered jacket, and camel's hair shawl round his waist, make a meal of a para's worth of parched peas. To see him strut and swagger, you would suppose him to be a prince at least. These are the

sort of chaps of which they formerly made janizaries.

We passed to the Armenian village, which lay a quarter of a mile to our right. We found the streets filled with women and children. There were few men among them, as they were at work in the fields and attending their flocks. Their clothing did not differ from that of the Turks, excepting that the turbans of the men were of blue cotton, and that the faces of the women were not covered. There were many pretty faces among them, but all were quite brown from exposure to the sun. They were very kind, easy, and affable in their manners, and by no means shy. We were evidently objects of great curiosity to them, and probably the first they had ever seen in the frank dress. The chief man of the village, an old Armenian, attended to all our wants, procuring for us coffee, pipes, and "yaourt," and afterward showing us a considerable distance on our road. Mustapha, at parting, condescendingly presented to him two piasters, about twelve and a half cents, for which the old man reverentially kissed his hand, and placed it on his forehead. I here, for the first time, saw a party engaged in a game, which is a sort of compound of checkers and chess. The game seemed to excite great interest among the lookers-on.

They gave me here a drink which was extremely refreshing; and thirsty, and fatigued as I then was, the most gratifying thing I ever tasted. It was milk curdled with rennet, or by the thistle, a little

sour, and mixed with cold spring water. The taste was much like that of buttermilk, but more agreeable.

The mills of this country are very small, generally running one, but sometimes two pair of stones. They are constructed on the plan of the little old-fashioned tub-mills, which might, many years ago, be found in some of the thinly settled parts of our country.

I had an opportunity of seeing a singular kind of contrivance which not long since appears to have been in common use among these people, as the only means of preparing their grain to make into bread, not by grinding, but by crushing. It was a circular platform of masonry of four feet high, and four and a half feet in diameter, erected under a large spreading tree. The upper surface of the platform was concave and smooth, resembling somewhat in shape, the concavity of a saucer. In this was placed, standing on its side, a circular stone, of about two and a half feet diameter, one foot thick, and slightly conical. Through the centre of this stone was a hole, in which was inserted a stick, by means of which it was made to revolve round and within the concave surface, crushing in its progress the grain, which, from time to time, was strewed under it. This description of mill however, appears, since the establishment of the tub-mill, which is evidently a modern refinement among them, no longer in use. I have observed also in every village, through which I have passed, a very large and strong stone mortar,



for the purpose of pounding grain, and which appears to be the property, and for the use of the whole community. Instead of a pestle, a long handle is fixed to a hard and heavy piece of wood, and the blow is given, as with a mallet, with great force.

From the Armenian village there was nothing particularly to interest us, until, from the tops of the elevated ridges on which we journeyed, the extensive and beautiful lake of Ascanius, expanded itself before and on one side of us. The magnificent plain of Nice also burst on our view. I have often dwelt with pleasure on the recollection of my agreeable surprise, when descending the mountains at a place (I think) called the "Vent of Cordova," the lovely view of the valley of Mexico first presented itself to my astonished sight. No one, I will venture to say, who has travelled from Vera Cruz to Mexico, but recollects the spot I have reference to, and felt as I have felt. Let him recal to his mind the splendour of that scene, and he may then imagine the plain of Nice, in all its fertility and beauty, not indeed so extensive, but more studded with trees, and equally so with villages, and presenting a picture to the eye and the imagination not to be surpassed. But after a painful descent from one lofty eminence by a very steep road, we found, that like the plain of Mexico, it was distance that gave to the scenery its principal enchantment.

I was every moment reminded during this journey, of the great similarity between the scenery of this country, and that of Mexico. The lofty

peaks of Olympus, eternally covered with snow, bring freshly to the mind, the snow-capt mountains of "*yené duna*," the new world. The rugged, moss-covered hills, rising one above another, beyond the height of other vegetation; the manner of the cultivation of the plains; irrigation; destitution of enclosures to the fields; the bad, cut up, unpaved road, running by the side of the well-paved and unused highway, because too rough and painful to the horses, as well as to the rider, who always sympathizes with his animal; the huddling together of the inhabitants in villages for assistance and protection, and the purposes of religion; and the general magnificence of the views of the country, were all purely Mexican. So were the multitude of warblers which filled the trees,—the wolf resembling the coyote, which prowls the fields, and the shepherds, with their flocks and their dogs. Like Mexico, every thing is beautiful in the distance; but nothing will bear examination. View the scene closely, and the charm vanishes.

The large and fertile fields are miles from any human habitation, and if a solitary being or two, happen to be labouring near, you find them covered with rags and vermin. The shepherd with his numerous flocks and herds, is a half-starved, miserable wretch, covered with filthy sheep-skins, and disgusting to look at. His food, a dry crust with perhaps an onion. Enter the villages, the streets are almost impassable from filth, and you meet only a ragged, dirty, squalid population of people with ver-

min beggars. The noble fields and vineyards are the property of some hungry and rapacious lord, whose interests are confided to a cruel, hard-hearted and remorseless aga. The few in power, revelling in affluence and splendour, have reduced the mass of the people to a degree of misery which appears insupportable. This is Turkey, and this is Mexico also. So far the resemblance holds, but mark the difference in other respects. Here the mass of the people are honest, to a degree unknown elsewhere, and virtuous too. The Mexicans are a nation of thieves and prostitutes. Murder and robbery here are the rarest occurrences, and there is no country where a person may travel without arms in such perfect safety as in this. In Mexico, no man's life is safe if he has not good arms, and a good will to defend it. They murder there for the love of blood.

From a habit acquired through necessity, while in Mexico, I never mount a horse without my pistols. While in view of the lake and plain of Nice, and whilst these comparisons were passing in my mind, our lonely situation, from the solitude of the road, brought forcibly to my mind my desperate situation once on my way to Mexico. The same pistols which saved my life there, were within my holsters, and I took one out during my reverie to examine it. At that instant, Mr. Goodell was close behind me, and Mustapha close by him. It was a singular coincidence with what was passing in my mind, that Mustapha said to Mr. Goodell, "we are all armed except you, what will you do if robbers attack us?"

"I will pray," said Mr. Goodell. "That will not frighten them," answered Mustapha, shaking his head. I could not realize for an instant that I was not in Mexico. The illusion was perfect.

We found ourselves at length on the beautiful plain of Nice, and really beautiful it appears, in all its solitude. The vast and magnificent lake dashing its waves against its gravelly shores on the one side, and laving the basis of the distant mountains on the other; but not a sail or a boat to enliven the dull monotony of the one, and not a human being to greet us on our tedious ride of seven or eight miles across the other. The storks build their nests in colonies on the trees by the way side, and the smaller birds seemed insensible to the danger of the presence of man; that enemy to all else that is animated, and equally, aye, more so, to his kind. We were too tired to disturb their confidence and their repose.

The double line of walls, and of marble and brick towers, which once defended the celebrated city of Nice, now burst on our view. They were very little dilapidated, and in most parts as perfect as on the day in which they were built. We passed a cause-way of gravel, but whether made by art or nature, or both together, I was unable to determine; it was, however, in a perfect state. Near this place, for the first time, we saw the culture of rice. The water of the lake is exceedingly clear, and the shelving banks may be traced in it to a great depth. It is said to abound with excellent

fish; and the hippopotamus is also said to be sometimes seen on its shores.

We entered Nice by a hole through the wall near the base of one of the towers. We found only desolation. Scarcely a vestige of what was once ancient Nice now remains, except the walls which enclosed it. The plough-share and the harrow have passed over its surface, and what were the sites of palaces and temples, are now fields of wheat and barley. The shafts and capitals of marble columns may here and there be seen, rent and fractured by the ravages of time; and ancient mosques, built from the materials of Christian and Pagan temples, are crumbling to ruins. Solitude, silence and desolation reigned every where. Not a living creature was to be seen, except the croaking raven and the vulture, which flapped his wings on the wall. The quietness of death was all around us.

After travelling half a mile or more, at length three human wretches were seen standing and sitting in silence and Turkish listlessness, with their ragged backs against the ruins of a tottering wall. Without uttering a word, they waved their hands in the direction of the road we should take.

In the midst of this desolation, we at length found a most miserable Turkish village, and an equally miserable khan, in which we placed our horses. But where were we to repose our weary limbs? No signs of hospitality, no greeting of welcome from any quarter! The lazy shop-keeper, squatting on his filthy shop-board, would perhaps raise his

eye at the strange curiosities which were passing, puff out his smoke, and relapse again into his former-indifference. The evening was cold and we were shivering in the streets. No one to counsel, or to ask counsel of. At length the "*Koffé-dje*," or the keeper of an abominably filthy hole, where they concoct a stuff which they call coffee, and sell in cups which contain about three teaspoon-fulls, as black as ink, and as thick as mud, condescended to say that we might sleep there. This was the resort of the vagabonds of the town, where they go to exchange vermin, and to smother one-another with clouds of dense smoke. I could never discover that they had any other object, for I have seen them sitting for hours on one of the small elevated platforms, puffing away, without one word being spoken, or an idea exchanged. A Turk comes in, lights his pipe, squats down in the circle, smokes, gets up and retires. This they all do in succession, but not a word is said.

Mr. Goodell, who speaks the Turkish language very well, attempted once to innovate upon this national custom, and had "his labour for his pains." A respectable and intelligent looking Turk, with a green turban, (to signify his descent from the prophet), and in the dress of an imaum, entered a coffee-shop, lighted his pipe and seated himself. Mr. Goodell, who likes a pipe as well as any body, and what is strange loves their coffee like a Turk, lighted his pipe also, and placed himself opposite. After two or three preliminary puffs on both sides, by

way of becoming sociable, and a hem or two from Mr. Goodell, he gave the "*Salaam Alicum*." The Turk raised his eyes but uttered not a sound. Things looked rather desperate. Two more puffs and another hem. "When I was in Nicomedia yesterday, the imaum, the muselim, and all the authorities of the place, were out praying for rain, which appears to be very much wanted." Two more puffs on both sides. After a short pause and a hem, by way of beginning again, Mr. Goodell said, "It is a very good thing to pray for rain;" the Turk raised his eye-lids a little, and let them fall again. Mr. Goodell now found that it required two to keep up a conversation, and gave up in despair.

One peep into the den destined for our sleeping place was enough for the minister. He protested against it altogether, and finally possessed himself of one of those little Turkish shops which I have before described as opening on the street. This he closed, and having procured a pan of coals threw himself down to rest, while Mr. Goodell walked out to visit some of the Greek clergy. He returned just in time to relieve him from suffocation. A few minutes more, I am persuaded, would have made him a corpse, from the exhaustion of the air by the charcoal.

The most idle, worthless, and conceited set that I have ever met with, are to be found at Nice. The fellow that kept the khan in which we were compelled to stow away our poor horses, took more airs

on himself than the Reis Effendi, or the Captain Pacha. It was amusing to see the puppy strut. He was a fair sample of what sort of a thing may be made out of a due mixture of poverty and pride. His air and manners seem to pervade the whole Turkish population of Nice. The single little street before the dozen miserable little things called shops, was filled with these contemptible swaggerers. I am under an impression that this is the place of resort of the last remains of janizaryism, and that there is a little nucleus of them here, where they may have some hope of gathering strength. They all go well armed, and it is certain, that they look like a set of scoundrels ripe for any mischief. Mustapha certainly did examine his pistols and fire them off before we got to Nice, and I am well persuaded from this fact, taken in connexion with his inquiry of Mr. Goodell, that his object was to frighten away the robbers, should there have been any in the vicinity. Mustapha is a fine looking fellow, and possesses a remarkable share of the better part of valour. Mustapha was a janizary, and in the general massacre, saved himself by discreetly abandoning his comrades in due season, since which event, he has taken good care to keep himself out of harm's way. Mustapha hinted that these fellows were afraid to go to Constantinople, but prudently kept the reason to himself.

In the morning, we sallied forth to see the wonders of Nice. They consisted of the aforesaid walls,



and the triple gates, which form the entrance from the country, evidently built at an ancient period, and from materials still more ancient. Shafts and reversed capitals of columns, inverted Greek inscriptions, and mutilated bas-reliefs, are here and there inserted, and even the walls themselves are composed of fragments of the fine arts, which would have long since been swallowed up in the immense maw of Stamboul, had they been transportable. A member of the Mussulman faith whom, in a small mosque with two or three others, we had disturbed as they were occupied at their prayers, followed us, and with a true Nicean air, asked us what we were doing? We told him our object, and he condescendingly said to us, "that we might look at the old things." On the outside of the gates are two specimens of bas-relief, one representing a triumph, the other a sacrifice; both somewhat mutilated. The gray squirrels were scrambling up the ruined walls, and the wild bird alone disturbed the solitude. We measured the thickness and the height of the city walls, and the distance between the towers. The latter was forty yards—the rest in due proportion. I hate to be too particular in things of no moment. The extent of the enclosure is from four to five miles.

I could go to books, and tell you about the "Council of Nice," disputes of bishops, creeds, sieges and battles; but I have nothing to do with history. "What is written, is written." My busi-

ness is with what I see ; not with what I read. The historian is for other times, my intercourse is with the present, not the past.

The lake washes the walls of Nice, and has demolished a small part of them. There is every indication of its having risen considerably since former times, and doubtlessly would have continued to rise, but for a small cut made by the present Sultan, with the intention of forming a canal to the bottom of the gulf of Nicomedia ; but he discontinued the undertaking, from the great expense attending it. By this cut, the surplus waters of the lake flow to the sea, through a beautiful and highly cultivated valley, rendered fertile by the means they every where employ to irrigate the land ; and working at the same time, a small mill, which prepares the grain for the use of the inhabitants.

It was a beautiful sight to see the sun set at the extremity of the lake, where the mountains were sometimes sunk below its waves, leaving a vista between, which seemed to terminate only in the immensity of space, and gave an idea of extent, not to be conceived, where the range of the eye is limited by the horizontal circle of the ocean. Here the lake and the mountains had all disappeared in the distance. There was no line defined by which the extent of vision could be marked. There was nothing but the sun's full red orb standing in the gap, shining in all his glory through unlimited space.

We passed out of the city, in the opposite direction to that by which we entered. The walls were

as perfect on this side as on the other. The immense blocks of marble which form a low platform at the entrance, are deeply cut in by the iron or brazen wheels of the ancient narrow chariot. It was melancholy to look back on the stately walls and towers which once protected this noble city, whose ancient name, and the name of whose founder are lost to history. It is to the history of Christianity alone that we owe a knowledge of a few who have figured within them. The names of Athanasius, Eusebius, Eustatius, &c. are familiar to every one.

"Nice may be described in a few words: noble walls and towers, covered with ivy and other vines, surrounding a miserable village of barbarians, and seated in the midst of desolation.

On clearing the gate, we took a direction towards the right, leaving on each side remains of ancient buildings. Ascending a steep hill, we were stopped in our progress for some time, by a caravan of camels laden with grain, and going from the "*white city*" to Nicomedia. I could not ascertain where the "*white city*" was situated, but was told it was three days' journey from us.

It is of no use to look at maps, for places under Turkish names; for example, who would expect to find Nicomedia under the name of "Nic-Mid;" or Nice under that of "Is-Mit"?

The camels are led in lines of a dozen, and are chained to one another. The head-most one is led by a man on a mule or an ass. There were per-

haps, more than a dozen of these strings, which stopped us in the narrow road, each camel carrying two sacks of grain on an enormous pack-saddle, which seemed to outweigh the rest of the load. )

The load of the camel is not greater than that of a horse. Their walk is slow, and in a mountainous country like this, where fountains of water are to be met with every half hour, I cannot perceive the reason of giving them the preference. They are, however, more patient and enduring than horses, and are capable of bearing longer the cruelty with which they are treated. The females are generally followed by their young, which have a strange, grave, and very sage look.

At a low shed, half way up the mountain, we were joined by a dog of the Angora-hound breed. We gave him some meat and crumbs, and he followed us for some distance. I told Mustapha I intended to make a Christian of him. "Yoke," said Mustapha, "he is a Turk, and will follow you as long as he can get any thing from you, but no longer." We found Mustapha's words true; as soon as we stopped giving, he returned by the road he had come.

Ascending to the top of the mountains, we passed a village, the name of which when translated, may be rendered Belvidere. The prospect was beautiful, the whole lake was before you, and under you, as well as the walls and plain of Nice, and the villages and plains surrounding the lake.

We were much amused at this elevated position

to observe the falcon in the deep vallies beneath us, poised steadily in the air, preparatory to pouncing on his prey. The air was pure and elastic, the temperature agreeable ; and as we travelled onward with cheerful hearts, we determined, that what we had intended should be a four or six hour's stage, should continue as long as the day would permit.

In our way over the hills and through the dales which abound here, we saw an extensive grove of olive trees, many of them having a fresh cut and deep gash of an axe in the side. Mustapha was asked the reason of this, and replied, "it was a punishment to the trees for not bearing last year." He explained it in this way : the owner comes with an axe in his hands, and says, "Tree, you did not give me fruit last year, if you do not give me fruit this year, I will cut you down, and to let you know what cutting is, take this gash." He was asked, if the trees then gave fruit ? He said, "yes, but he thought it was a cruel thing to force them by cutting them, for it was for God alone, to make the trees give fruit." I could not have believed that such a superstition existed, but my servant, who was born in the country, confirmed to me subsequently the same thing. That the practice and the belief, exist to a great extent is very certain, and it cannot be denied that the desired effect of causing the tree to give fruit, is produced, by some change in the constitution or habit ; perhaps by permitting, by means of the incision, part of the superfluous sap to escape. The cut is made in the spring of

the year, when the sap begins to rise. Many of our fruit trees drop their fruit before maturity; in such cases might not this practice be advantageously introduced? The experiment might be tried, for there must, as one might suppose, be some reason for a custom of great antiquity, as appears by the cuts in the oldest olive trees in the country. There are great pains taken in the culture of the olive tree; and I was reminded by Mr. Goodell, of the parable drawn from their habits of *digging round and manuring, before cutting down the tree*. The fruit of the fig tree bursts forth from the branch without the slightest indication of blossom, and in many cases before the leaf appears.

How often are we reminded of the expressions of the Scriptures by things which are brought daily before us here. A west wind has just arisen, and "I know there will be rain." It is the custom of the Jews on the coast of Barbary, and I believe in other parts, to strain the water before drinking, "to strain out the gnat," as modern translators have rendered it. Here, when it is not convenient to "strain out the gnat," a little water is thrown from the cup to "pour out the gnat," previous to drinking. There is filthiness among the African and Asiatic Jews to a disgusting degree, while this little affectation of cleanliness still remains. "They wash the outside of the cup, while the inside is full of nastiness." They are truly, "whitened sepulchres." They are an unchanged, and as Moses intended they should be, "a

peculiar people." The "dipping in the dish," is an universal practice here.

We at length reached one of those very extensive and beautiful plains which are frequently met with between the ranges of mountains in this country, as level as the surface of the lake, which, no doubt, once existed here, and which has in process of time been filled up, and enriched by the fertile soil of the now rocky and barren cliffs which surround it, skeletons only of what they once were, and presenting forms and shapes eminently calculated to puzzle the geologists, who have taken it into their heads that nature does her work in a hurry.

After stopping at a Turkish village to rest and take coffee, and after our beardless faces and uncouth garbs, had afforded mirth and ridicule to all the little ragged, shaven-headed, bare-legged and footed urchins of the place, any one of whom was a match for an ourang outang, and in America would have proved as profitable; after, in fact, we had produced wonder among the natives, old and young, and among others, a hunched-backed monster, we proceeded through the plain, to endeavour to reach a Turkish village at the other extremity, where Mustapha said, he was sure of fine accommodations. Putting on an air of great seriousness, he delivered himself to the minister in the following terms. "Don't you, Elche Bey, tell me to go to the khan, let me manage matters for you, and you will see how well I will arrange them." Then

raising his head, and putting an a consequential air, he continued, "I will go to the village, and when I arrive in the square, I will demand the chief. I will say to him, Elche Bey has arrived, and must have the best accommodations in the place. I will show him the teskera, and the firman of Padi-Schah, and then the order of the governor of Nic-Mid, to all those under authority, to supply all our wants. When you have taken possession of your apartments, you can repose until supper is prepared; and after a good night's rest, we can reach Broussa tomorrow. Let me manage all, give yourself no trouble about backshish, or any thing else." Night was coming on, it had begun to rain, and we congratulated ourselves on the prospect of a good supper and night's rest, which we greatly wanted. Push on before, Mustapha, said the minister, and get every thing prepared by the time we come. On our arrival, we found Mustapha erect, with his staff of office in hand, and the principal men of the village squatting around him, except the chief man, who was not forthcoming. All were watching the stern and dignified countenance and air of Mustapha, and endeavouring to divine what important mission, affecting the interests of their little community, could have brought so important a personage among them. The minister rode up, and demanded in his character as Elche Bey, that the chief should appear. He at length came forth, a miserable, trembling wretch, covered with rags, and on the demand for accommodations, pleaded poverty, and the utter



impossibility of providing for us. The minister dismounted, and declared his determination of remaining, leaving to them the task and the responsibility of disobeying the order of the Sultan, and what appeared of more consequence, that of the governor of Nic-Mid. He was then shown a cow-stable knee deep with dung, for the accommodation of ourselves and horses. It was not even good enough for the horses. He was shown another, which was worse, if possible. He pointed to houses where he supposed we might be accommodated. They declared them to be harems, belonging to some dignitaries of Constantinople and filled with women.

There was no making any impression on them. They were determined to get clear of us. Persuasion was in vain, and there was no use in showing documents which none of them could or would read. The minister mounted his horse, and said to them that he should leave the village, but that they might all prepare their feet for the bastinado, after the governor of Nic-Mid had received his report of their conduct. I could perceive at once, the impression that this made on them. They begged him to stop until they could send for the imaum, who had just before slipped from the crowd, to his house. He soon came. He was a man of twenty-five or twenty-eight years of age, of a most winning and persuasive countenance. He assured the minister of the kindest disposition on the part of the inhabitants, and of their and his great regrets at the

utter impossibility of accommodating persons of his rank. The minister told him, he merely wanted tolerable shelter for the night, and food for his horses. "It was impossible," he said, "to furnish them. They were exceedingly poor. The flocks and herds they attended were the property of others, and that they were not even their own masters, to act as they could wish." Mustapha, during the latter part of this conversation had become chop-fallen, and finding all his boasted importance rapidly on the decline, produced the letter from the governor, and placing it in the hands of the imaum, ~~said,~~ "read it;" and that it began as follows: "'This comes to inform you, that my beloved friend, the Elche Bey of the Yené-Duna, will visit your village.'" "But read it yourself, I suppose you can read as well as I." Now, Mustapha could not read one word, but had got an old man a day or two before, to read the letter once or twice for him, and had remembered thus much of it.

The imaum read the letter or rather ran his eyes over it, for it was uncertain whether he could read, but the plea of poverty and inability was unanswerable, and we bid them rather an uncourteous farewell, after being informed that there was an Armenian village about half an hour's ride from our direct road, where we could be accommodated. It was now raining smartly, the afternoon far advanced, and after a long, fatiguing, and hungry day's march for ourselves and horses, we had no other prospect than an uncomfortable night, under the shelter of a tree or bush.

Mustapha now, in a sulky mood, regardless of what happened, took the wrong road, and after traversing a steep and ugly mountain in a heavy rain, about sun-down found that to reach the village, we must return over the same ridge, nearly back to the plain we had left. But never was joy greater, than when we heard that we were on the right road to the village, and the shout of welcome from these simple-minded primitive Christians and kind-hearted people, greeted our ear.

Mustapha had formed a plan here, for profiting the party by his importance; but before it was matured, our horses were unladen and disposed of. We were accommodated in an open and outer porch, and he was lodged, with his pipe and his coffee provided for him, in one of the best rooms, of one of the best houses in the village. It was at this place that they took him for an aga, and treated him according to his supposed rank.

Yaourt, bread, chickens, onions and salt, were soon provided of which we ate. The chief of the village and family ate what remained. A pipe, a glass of warm toddy, and half an hour's amusement, in displaying to the wondering eyes of the natives who crowded our quarters, the surprising effects of percussion caps and phosphoric bottles, ended this eventful day.

We went to bed on the floor, slept soundly by a rousing fire, made at a partly closed end of the porch, where there was a chimney. We got up in the morning refreshed, and highly grateful for the rustic

kindness we had experienced from these guileless people. Imagine to yourself a village of sixty houses, and to show its antiquity, a grave-yard, containing the bodies of six thousand times its present population. It has existed time out of mind; no one knows the date of its origin.

Retired from the main road, retired from and unknown to, and ignorant of the rest of the world, they attend to no concerns but their own, are happy in their ignorance, and the little comforts they have about them. They feel no apprehensions or annoyance, except from the inhabitants of the village who refused us shelter, and who plague them occasionally, by their presence and impositions, which they bear with patience and humility, from a knowledge of the utter impossibility of obtaining redress from any quarter.

This little community exists under a patriarchal government, and is situated between two declivities of the hills, which form a kind of valley near the ridge of the mountain. It is surrounded with gardens, plantations of mulberries for the use of the silk worm, wheat-fields, vineyards and fruit trees. There is an air of comfort about it, and indeed of abundance, but like all places in this country, there is a great want of cleanliness. The streets are filled with the filth and drainings of the manure hills. Children swarm in them, but they are not tidy. The women are not well dressed, nor the men comfortably clad, but dirty. It is true, it was a working day, and every one capable was at work.

Their cattle and flocks of sheep appear to be numerous, and every thing sufficiently thriving, but they only produce for themselves,—except it be the silk, which they do not wear, and which I should think they cultivated in considerable quantities, from the number of baskets which crowded the interior rooms of every house, and which were filled with leaves and branches of the young mulberry, covered with young silk worms.

They use neither tea, sugar, coffee, wine, nor spirits. I saw no shops whatever in the town, and am under the impression that except on extraordinary occasions, nothing is worn by them, but what is grown and manufactured among themselves. From the joy that was manifested, and the happy countenances of our host and hostess, when a few piasters were given them, in return for their kindness, I should think that money was a scarce article among them.

They have a small church and free school adjoining it. The expense is paid by the community, and the boys have made a little progress.

They have heard of the New World as a place from whence coffee is obtained, but they have no idea of where it is, its distance, or whether it is approachable by land or water. They also know of Constantinople as a place of wondrous magnitude, but I could not learn that any one had been there.

We had lighted a spermaceti candle, and asked them if they knew what it was made of. One said, mutton, another beef, another pork, another butter,

and another honey, meaning wax. We told them it was made from the fat of the same sort of fish that swallowed Jonas, and which they must have read of in Scripture. The old chief near, asked how big the fish was. We told him that the head alone was as long and as wide as the porch, and the body five times as long. He said he had heard the priest tell something about a very big fish, but he would inquire about it. The next morning, happily for our characters for truth, the priest confirmed our story, which it was very evident had begun to be doubted. There is not a single person residing in this village besides Armenians. There does not appear to be one in better circumstances than another. The old man appears to have a controul over all their concerns, and carries in the cap of his turban, the teskera, showing who of the inhabitants have paid into the imperial treasury, the "Karatsh," or head-money.

The dress of the women is somewhat like that of the poorer orders of farmers' wives in our own country,—a kind of striped or check linsey woolsey. That of the men partakes of the Turkish and Greek. The dark coloured turban, coarse dark brown jacket and vest, and full pantaloons or breeches hanging in a bag, and terminating at the knee. They are not allowed the use of fire-arms; and are indebted to their neighbours of the Turkish village for the wild boars and other game which abound in their woods, and which greatly annoy them. The Turks do not eat pork of any kind, but

they kill the wild boar, and sell it to the Armenians at their own prices.

After a comfortable breakfast, we took leave of our kind-hearted friends, with great expressions of good will on both sides, and with some small distributions of "bacsth tasch" on ours, which in this country is very rarely refused; it being the stamp, the seal, the sign manual of all friendships contracted or implied. There is nothing done without it. If a man buys from you, you must give a "bacsth tasch;" if a man sells to you, you must do the same. Screw your bargains as close as you please, nothing is amicably concluded without a "bacsth tasch." If a man looks at you, you must give him a "bacsth tasch;" if you look at him, you must do the same. It is of no consequence how little,—a "bacsth tasch" must be given. But never look for a return. This general practice of giving "bacsth tasch" makes travelling very dear in this country. They will make you no regular charge, but they expect something; and your pride will not permit you to do less than give them much more than they are entitled to.

We returned over the mountains to the plain we had quitted the preceding evening, and were not far from the inhospitable Turkish village, which from the want of a more suitable name, we agreed to call "Doumouse Kieuey," or "Hog Town," by which name we have ever since spoken of it, not only among ourselves, but wherever we have been; and have the satisfaction of believing that we may

have secured for it a new, and not unappropriate designation, and one no ways agreeable to the haters of pork. Nick names stick to towns here a long time, and have their effect. We on one occasion congratulated ourselves on having passed a very pleasant looking little village on the gulf of Nicomedia, because it was called "Crooked-arm Town," which is here equivalent to Thief Town; a theft on one occasion having been committed there.

For the better information of travellers, should these lines ever fall into the hands of such, I must say, that the newly christened "Hog Town," is called in the Turkish language "Chardagh;" and that the hospitable Armenian village is called Marmarjick Kicuey. At this latter place the school-master received four hundred piasters per annum, and his food. Four hundred piasters are equal to twenty-two dollars and twenty-three cents. They were greatly in want of paper for the scholars; and we made a small contribution to enable the master to procure some.

Journeying onwards, we came to a defile, where the waters of the lake which once covered the plain, undoubtedly escaped. We continued in this for some time, and fell in with a wolf that was feasting on the putrid carcass of a camel; and passing a Turkish village, we at length reached the brink of the precipice which overhangs the plain of Broussa. Beneath us, was a lake of perhaps a mile or two in circuit, and before us, on the right, a wide and extensive plain, speckled with wheat fields, villages,



and clumps, or rather forests of gigantic chesnuts, oaks, walnuts, plantains, poplars, cherries, and the ever-present cypress, with its spice-like point, towering above them all. The plain, its villages, and forests, were lost in the distance. The eye had not power to reach their extent.

We descended rapidly by a steep road, and found ourselves by the side of a small stream conducted through the plain for the benefit of the fields, which had apparently suffered much for want of rain. Broussa we had not yet seen, and when on the level plain, all prospect of it was shut out from us, by the steep and craggy mountain which flanked us on one side, and the thick foliage which was over and around. Through the deep shade of majestic trees we travelled three *long* hours, rendered the more tedious from the momentary expectation that Broussa would burst on our view. It was now the latter part of the day. Olympus, with his long line of craggy and snowy peaks, shrouded by a dense cloud, was to appearance not far distant, and at its foot we knew Broussa stood. Jaded as we were, no one but the sea-worn sailor, after a long and uncomfortable voyage, can conceive how slowly we appeared to approach the base of this elevated spot.

We at length reached a miserable village on a hill, through the streets of which descended streams of crystalline water, as cold as ice, the meltings of the Giant Mountain snows, which found their way to the plain beneath.

The desolation caused in several places on the plain by large fragments of rocks, which have been, from time to time, rolled down from the steep mountains, has been very great, and in many places their enormous masses have rendered the road which crosses them, difficult of passage.

On one hand the numerous spires of the minarets, and the tall tops of the *ever-seen*, as well as *ever-green* cypresses of Broussa were fully in view, and we approached it in a smart rain by the principal avenue; the dry bed of a mountain torrent, which, during the freshets, passes through the city, leaving behind it enormous masses of rock, which in its passage it tore from their beds, and deposited in the road.

We picked our way slowly through these obstacles, until we arrived at the ascending paved streets of the city, where we inquired, and were shown our way through the principal street, lined on each side with shops, to the khan.

This is an enormous building, where whole armies and caravans may be accommodated, and find every convenience for themselves, their cattle, and their goods. It has been a splendid building in its day, but of late has been much neglected. In some parts of it, princes with their harems might be suitably accommodated; and of one of these suites of apartments we took possession.

The Sultan's troops in their passage through Broussa for Syria, had occupied this khan, and left it in rather a filthy state. It therefore required

some time to make our apartments sufficiently clean for our accommodation.

We succeeded at length, and took up our quarters in them contrary to the urgent advice, and rather obtrusive importunity of three persons, whom, I afterward found to be Frank doctors, who insisted, *volens volens*, that I should march up to the governor with my firman, through the rain, late as it was, to get an order for some respectable Greek or Armenian family, to furnish our lodgings. It was in vain that I told them I was tired; it was in vain that I told them that lodgings, I was sure, were provided for me by a friend who had preceded me—"Go I must, for the lodgings in the khan were not respectable." Being, as I thought, the best judge of what was sufficiently respectable for me, and feeling a little touched at the remark, I told them flatly, that I should stay where I was. On comparing the accommodations we now had, with those we had slept in since leaving home, they were a palace compared to a pig-sty. The gentlemen went off in a miff; and I congratulated myself on it afterward, as I was no more incommoded by them during my stay in Broussa.

The country is filled with adventurers calling themselves Frank doctors, who exist by their wits, and gull the Turks by cramming them with bread pills, and at the same time, their own pockets with piasters. If they branch out a little in their assumed profession, they are sure to have more sick than well in their track. Latterly, however, the Turks

have become suspicious of them, and will not acknowledge themselves sick, for fear of being dosed with their poison. At every village through which we passed, we inquired into the health of the inhabitants, and we could find no one sick during our whole journey! They took us for "hakims," (or doctors) and our appearance alone, drove away disease. I was informed that the whole three who accosted me, had not among them a single patient, and that no one in Broussa had dared to be sick since they had made their appearance there. I saw them together at the gate of the khan as I entered. It was after a short conference, in which, I have no doubt, they passed sentence of death on me, that they accosted me as I have described. I have often felicitated myself since, on my good fortune in escaping from their clutches.

After a good night's rest, at the pressing solicitation of an American gentleman who had preceded us in our visit to Broussa, we changed our abode to clean and comfortable quarters occupied by him in the house of a decent Greek family. After a breakfast of kibobs, yaourt, kaimak and other good things, we sallied out in company with the hakim bashé, or physician of the muselim or governor, to present the minister's credentials and pay our respects to him.

Kibobs are bits of mutton of the size of a convenient mouthful, roasted on an iron skewer over the coals; yaourt, I have already described; and kaimak is cream a little sour, which is eaten with bread and sugar.

On our arrival at the palace, after a short time for the governor to prepare to receive us, we took off our boots, put on slippers, and were ushered through a crowd of attendants, into his presence. We found him seated, as is usual, at the end of a long room, on the divan, with his writing materials, his snuff-box, his purse, (which, by the bye, was empty), and his beads, &c. lying beside him. He received us very politely, asked us to be seated, looked over the minister's firman, and made many sensible inquiries respecting America.

He had no knowledge, before our arrival, of a treaty having been formed, or of the establishment of a chargé at Constantinople. The customary service of pipes, coffee and sherbet, passed round. He appointed his principal canoss to attend to all our wants, and show us every thing worth seeing. He pressingly urged his personal services on us, for which we returned suitable thanks and took our leave.

After putting on his boots, the minister gave to his expecting attendants a Bactsh Tasch. As I have said, there is nothing done without it. A Turk expects it, but will not ask you for it—he receives it, and does not thank you. A Greek or an Armenian will ask you for it, and kiss your hand when they receive it. The Bacsth Tasch, in this instance, was one hundred piasters, about sixteen or eighteen cents for each of the attendants.

While seated with the governor, an attendant advanced, with his left hand on his breast, his head

bowed down, and presented a petition, and then drew back. The governor read it, tore it in two, twisted the pieces together, and threw them on the floor, toward the person who had presented it. He advanced, picked up the pieces, and retired; and the conversation was resumed as if nothing had happened.

The Turks have, it is true, the right of petition, but their governors have the right of giving very brief answers. This was the second time that I had seen this negative answer given; but I have never yet seen the manner of answering in the affirmative.

It can hardly be expected that during my three day's stay at Broussa, I could have had time to collect sufficient materials for a narrative of any length. I hate long stories myself, and I believe every body else does. I have heretofore endeavoured to be as concise as possible, but critically correct; as will be found by whoever goes over the same ground that I have travelled. I have not left unnoticed any thing worthy of being mentioned, and I have said no more than was necessary to give an idea of the scenery, the productions, and the antiquities of the country through which I have passed, together with the manners and habits of the people. I have endeavoured to throw as much matter as possible into few words, and shall continue this plan to the end of the narrative.

Let it suffice at once to say, that during our stay at Broussa, we were well lodged and attended; that

we were visited by all the principal Greek and Armenian inhabitants, and by the clergy; and that every civility that we could have wished, was shown to us by them. Also, that they accompanied us to their churches and their schools. The school of the Greeks is on the Lancasterian plan, and that of the Armenians is about to be formed on the same model. The Greek school contains two hundred scholars, boys and girls, whose education is paid for by the community. That of the Armenians comprises not quite so many, and its expenses are defrayed by the parents and guardians.

Broussa contains fifteen hundred Armenian and one thousand Greek houses; also, a Jewish quarter. We visited their synagogue, and attended a chaunting of the Scriptures, by a young priest, accompanied by a number of boys. The chaunting was accompanied by a singular nasal twang and swinging of the body. We afterward heard a sermon in a mixture of Spanish and Hebrew, against the precepts of Christianity; and as the Spanish predominated, I was able to keep the thread of the discourse.

The preacher alluded to "the inconsistency, (as he deemed it) of the difficulty of a rich man's entering the kingdom of heaven, and at the same time, the recommendation to practice charity as a means of salvation." He insisted, "that the poor man who needed charity, could not, according to this doctrine, be saved, as he could not give in charity; and that the rich man, as long as he remained rich, could not

have hope of salvation, whatever might be the amount of his charities." He recommended, "charity as a virtue, and the accumulation of wealth as the means of being charitable, as praiseworthy and honorable." He recommended, "as a matter of necessity, and as a means of support to ourselves and others, that we should turn our thoughts and eyes to earth as well as to heaven." He said also, "that the eagle which continued to soar towards the sun, if he was not ultimately scorched by its beams, must certainly perish for the want of sustenance."

He spoke of the perfection of the commandments and of the laws; said, "that a sincere devotion to the God of their father Abraham, and an obedience to the laws and commandments, was all that was necessary, and that they did not conflict with the necessary pursuit of worldly affairs."

He continued, "that whoever violated the laws, should be punished by the laws; that the *Man*, (meaning our Saviour,) had violated the laws, and was therefore punished; that in punishing him, no sin was committed by their forefathers, who acted in obedience to the laws; and much less by themselves, who were not then in existence."

These were the principal arguments. The sermon was quite long, and drew many signs of approbation from the congregation. Like the Levites of old, he obeyed the command, "not to stand on high places," for he was seated the lowest of the congregation. The synagogue was small, and free from superfluous ornament. The doors were open



during the service. The appearance of three very beautiful Turkish ladies of rank, who entered after the service had begun, and who continued there during the greater part of it, excited no attention whatever, except from ourselves.

I passed through the Jews' quarter several times, and found them very cross and quarrelsome with one another, husbands with wives, and women with their neighbours. The streets were dirty, and their houses miserable.

The Greeks, Armenians and Jews, are employed in commerce, and in the manufacture of silk, which is the principal product of Broussa. The dress of the Greeks and Armenians does not differ; both wear the calpack. The dress of the Jews here, is similar to that of this people in Constantinople, which I have described on a former occasion. And now I take my leave for the present, of Greeks, Armenians and Jews, for the purpose of devoting my attention to Broussa, its antiquities, its baths, &c.

I have thrown my journey thus far into one uninterrupted narrative, and shall make my stay in Broussa and return to Kadi Kieuy the same.

Yours truly.

### POSTSCRIPT.

One day, in rambling about the outskirts of Broussa, I saw three or four prostitutes in the public

road, and in front of an alley which led through the thick shrubbery, to some mean houses, distant from one to two hundred yards, from where they stood. They were gorgeously bedecked with flowers and other ornaments; their eye-brows were smeared with some dark colouring matter to unite and extend them, according to the fashion of the country. Their cheeks were daubed with paint, their faces and necks uncovered, their long hair flowing, and their whole appearance showed that they were, if not the lowest, the basest of woman-kind. They were waiting on the high-way for the Greek youths who were returning home from market, two of whom they had enthralled, and were about leading "like lambs to the slaughter."

For a graphic description of the scene which I beheld, I beg leave to refer you to the 7th chapter of Proverbs, beginning at the 7th verse and ending at the 22d.

I observed at Broussa a marine formation that greatly surprised me, although I do not know why it should have done so, when so many organic remains are to be found in every part of the known world, and on the most elevated mountains, as evidence that every part of this globe has been covered, at one time or other, not with water alone, but with *oceanic* water.

Organic remains of the West India snapper, a fish not known now on this side the Atlantic, have been shown to me, which were dug up enclosed in a species of stone, between slate and lime-stone, in

digging a well on the Balkan mountains. What, after this, should surprise us? But the whole of the foundation of the platform, before alluded to, on which the old city of Broussa was situated, and whose walls almost touch the precipice on which they are elevated, a precipice of at least one hundred feet in height, this whole bank is of coral formation. The work of the coral worm is as plainly and as distinctly to be seen, throughout this whole mass, as if it were but the work of yesterday. To be sure Broussa is not far elevated above the ocean, yet I must say that it surprised me to find such perfect corals remains there, such even as I have found among the newly-formed coral keys of that chain which extends itself in a curve towards the west from Cape Florida. I picked out many perfect pieces of coral, and brought some specimens home. You need not doubt that this great mass was once a coral bank, and covered by the great ocean. But what a beautiful puzzle this is, for the geologists to knock their heads against! What a puzzle for those who insist that the earth was formed *as it is*, in six days, instead of six periods, or six distinct formations; to wit, as they are enumerated in the Book of Genesis,—water, earth, vegetables, fish, fowls, and animals.

We had authority from the governor to visit all the mosques. They are two hundred in number, and some of them contain the bodies of former Sultans and their families; for history informs us that Bruossa was once the capital of the Turkish empire.

Attached to the mosque of Ilderim, is a handsome dome or chapel, in which repose the bones of that Sultan, his wives, and children. Ilderim, (lightning,) is the name by which Badjazet the first, the prisoner of Tamerlane, is known to the Turks. Their bones are placed in stone coffins, standing on a stone platform. At the head of that of the Sultan, are the identical turban, shawl, and handkerchief, which he wore ; and in the mausoleum, is an enormous copy of the Koran, highly ornamented and richly illuminated, called "the book of Ilderim." This book is three feet long, two feet wide, and one foot thick. It is of parchment, and nothing can exceed the beauty of the writing. The mosque stands on a hill at the back of the mausoleum. It is a very large building, and the one which first strikes the eye on approaching the city. The minaret is very high, and from the top, its elevated position affords a fine view of the plain and city. Near this, are some ancient ruins, but nothing worthy of further note. There is also another large mosque, but we did not enter it, as the interior of mosques in general, is the same ; differing only in magnitude. Plain, but spacious ; a fine dome overhead ; the floor covered with carpets or mats ; two or three circles of tumblers, suspended from the ceiling to serve the purpose of lamps ; a plain pulpit a little elevated ; a place, or latticed gallery for the women ; two large wax candles, of six feet in height and two feet in circumference ; and one, two, or three copies of the Koran and commentaries.

This is the interior of a Turkish mosque, about which there is so much mystery. There is not the slightest ornament to be seen about them, nor any thing more that I remember, worth enumerating, except it be a dirty set of steps, by which to ascend to light the lamps.

The two or three persons who had the charge of the mosque of Ilderim, and the mausoleum, were very poor and miserable in their appearance. We gave them a few piasters, which gave them great pleasure. The only ceremony in going in, is to take off one's shoes or boots, and put on a pair of their slippers, which we carried in our pockets.

We visited also an ancient Christian church, now converted into a mausoleum, in which rest (and nearly fill the interior) the numerous wives and children of Sultan Orchan. Orchan, the son of Othman, in about the year 1326, as history informs us, possessed himself, during his father's life-time, either by famine or treachery, of the Christian city of Broussa, or as it was then called Prussa, and made it his capital. Here we may date the era of the Ottoman Empire.

Here every where may be seen the remains of Christian churches. Many of the chapels, however, and sometimes the churches themselves, are still kept in excellent preservation, from the circumstance of their having been converted into receptacles of the remains of the early sovereigns and their families; in all of which the emblem of Christianity, the cross, remains uninjured. In the one now treated

of, it is visible in two places ; first, on the side of a square column supporting the roof, near the door of entrance, making part of the polished and beautiful marble with which it is encrusted ; and another on the wall at the left. Pious Christians of this empire, conceive it to be a miracle that the plaster with which the Musselmans have endeavoured to conceal them, will not adhere, and that some time after the application, it drops off, and exposes the sacred emblems again to view.

A very short distance from this church, and below the hill on which it stands, are the ruins of a very extensive monastery, and what appears extraordinary is, that on an elevated and exposed white wall, which was formerly interior, are paintings of the busts of our Saviour and Saint John, in all their freshness of colour ; which can only be accounted for by the recent demolition of the building, of which there is no appearance, as the ruins and surrounding rubbish are of an old date, and much covered with shrubbery.

In the nave of a chapel adjoining these ruins, were deposited the remains of Sultan Othman, or Osman, and his family. One of the small stone coffins containing the body of a child, had, from its appearance, been recently opened. These last mausoleums were each guarded by an old woman, one of whom, after she had received the *bacsthtasch*, asked more, saying, that " Frank merchants always gave her gold." We told her we were not Frank merchants. " Oh ! then," said she, " you must be

ambassadors, for it is evident you are persons of consequence."

It was the custom to deposite in these places the sacred books of the Sultan, whose bones were placed there. One of the leaves of a book of Sultan Othman, was lying on the floor, which one of the company picked up, and brought away with him, and which I enclose to you. It is a leaf from the Koran which once belonged to Sultan Othman, the first of the Sultans of the Ottomans, and perhaps will be the oldest piece of well-authenticated Turkish manuscript in the United States.

In these mausoleums, as in that of Ilderim, at the head of the coffin, is the turban, covered with the rich handkerchief which the Sultan wore, and over the large stone coffin, is thrown the shawl, much worm-eaten.

Turkish mosques are permitted to fall to decay, but are never converted into mausoleums. Christian temples are selected for this purpose. Saint Sophia, in Constantinople, now holds the bones of many monarchs, and from this circumstance alone, we may conclude, that as long as the Mahometan religion shall continue in this country, there will be found specimens of the early Christian churches, in a good state of preservation. During our rambles through Broussa, we found many domes in good repair, which had evidently been devoted to Christian worship, and in which were placed many of these stone coffins, containing the remains of illustrious Turks.

The practice of interment now prevails, except with Sultans and their families. All below that rank, are deposited in those worlds of death, those immense cemeteries, which are always without the limits of their cities. That of Scutary has been so often described, that I think it scarcely worth while to attempt another description; for no pen can give an adequate idea of what it is. The length is about three miles, and the breadth of equal extent. It is studded with tomb-stones as thickly as they can stand, and among them, the gloomy and stately cypress shoots up its tall form, and is crowded on the right and left, on account of its producing a shade as solemn and gloomy as death. I have more than once passed through the narrow streets of its whole extent, and have not seen a human being. The solitude is as silent as the grave; and to a mind fearful or superstitious, the situation and the scene must be appalling.

On days of festivity among the Turks, these abodes of the dead are the places of rejoicing. It appears to be a singular taste, but I am inclined to think that its origin is of ancient date; as the Armenian, Greek, and other Christians, as well as the Jews, have the same custom of visiting and rejoicing over the graves of their forefathers. I sometimes go to these places, and mingle with the happy throngs; almost forgetting the solemnity and silence which at other times belong to the gloomy spot. Children in groups, sporting amidst the tombs of their ancestors, youths dancing and singing, the mo-



ther, and widowed grandmother, seated on the tomb of the grandsire, smiling at the gambols of their little ones, and delighted at the happiness they enjoy. This is almost an every-day sight in the crowded grave yards which surround this immense city and its suburbs.

There is nothing of what *we* call society here. No tea-meetings, no evening or dinner parties, no balls, no theatre ; but their *keff* parties, as they call them, are more than a mere substitute for the pleasures *we* delight in.

It is very pleasing, certainly, to see every fine day; hundreds, nay, thousands of families, old and young, rich and poor, high and low, in carriages, on horse-back, and on foot, wending their way to the green lawns beyond the city, to their favorite fountain or grave yard, to spread their carpets and mats under the thickly-shaded trees, to enjoy, as they in reality appear to do, a whole day of happiness.

The city of Broussa is situated, as I have before said, at the foot of Mount Olympus. Judging from the very ancient walls which surround a platform, abruptly terminating in a precipice overlooking the rest of the city and plain, I should think that ancient Broussa could not have been of any very great extent ; but it has far outgrown its ancient limits, and now spreads on each side of the walls along the base of the mountain, leaving the area of its former boundaries a mere speck, scarcely discernable at a small distance, to the eye of the observer. On these ancient walls are to be found Greek inscriptions,

and bas-reliefs, of triumphs and sacrifices. From a coffee-shop part of the way up the mountain, the view of the city and plain is extraordinarily fine. Of the former, every house, mosque, bath, and place of resort, may be distinctly seen.

The hot baths of Broussa are very celebrated in this country. The water is of a natural heat, and issues from a spring not far from them at boiling heat. In it we boiled eggs in two minutes. The bath has been built at great expense. It is much on the construction of all Turkish baths, but of more extent. The floors and sides, as well as the great basin, are all of marble. The latter is from twenty-five to thirty feet in diameter. We visited it, and underwent the usual sweating, scrubbing, and washing so delightful to Turks, and so painful and debilitating to every one else. I had scarcely strength left to return home after it; and never had the fortitude to visit the baths again.

The great bathing room, which is about sixty feet on each side, is certainly very fine, but nothing can be more filthy than the dressing rooms, and the cushions and coverings on which you repose after bathing. The Turks think themselves cleanly because they make frequent use of the bath, not reflecting that to be cleanly in person, it is necessary to be cleanly in other respects; but on the contrary they return from the bath to their filthy unwashed clothes, filled with vermin, and think themselves purified!

No city can be better watered than Broussa

Large crystalline, and icy cold springs, gush from the side of the mountain above it, and are conducted to the numerous fountains in the streets, and into all the yards and houses of the inhabitants. No people estimate so well as the Turks the value of clear cold water, and *plenty* of it.

We visited the silk manufactories for which Broussa is so celebrated. They are spread all over the city, but there is nothing that can be called a silk factory. The weaving is all done by job-work at so much the *peake* of three-quarters of a yard or thereabouts; and these stuffs, so remarkable for their beauty, are wove in miserable little rooms, only large enough to contain the loom and the weaver, or two weavers, as the case may be.

When the figure is plain or striped, a man or boy alone, is sufficient for the purpose; but when flowered, it requires a man and a boy; one to weave and the other to work with certain bobbins in a manner to me incomprehensible, but which he could manage with his eyes shut as well as open. These beautiful silks (and none can be more beautiful), which are destined to grace the form of beauty, are woven by miserable, half-starved wretches, in these solitary dungeons, at a gain of not more than three and sometimes of only one piaster per day. The piaster is not quite six cents. But in a country where a poor wretch may at least stay, if not gratify the cravings of nature, on a para, which is the fortieth part of a piaster, this, you will say, is not so bad.

Broussa, like most of the places I have passed through, is surrounded by plantations of mulberry for the use of the silk-worm, and asses laden with the limbs of which, may every instant be seen going to the city. These trees are planted in rows, not more than from two to three feet apart, and are cut so low that a man can reach the topmost limbs, which are all cut off every year as the worms require them. This would be the right place to study the culture of the silk worm. In my short visit and rapid route, I had not time to give sufficient attention to the subject. The worms at this time were half an inch long, very lively, and of a good appetite. They devoured voraciously, the young and tender leaves which were attached to the small branches thrown across the broad and shallow baskets which contained them.

If I were asked to point out any object in Broussa worthy of more particular notice than another, I should be at a loss to name it. Broussa has had no historian or bard to give interest, and immortality to her. Her vicinity to Olympus, is perhaps the greatest advantage she possesses in the eyes of the world; and yet it may appear extraordinary, that Olympus is seen to much more advantage from Constantinople than from Broussa. The latter is seated so near to his base, that the hoary whiteness of his head is not visible, being concealed by the intervening hills. Yet there is great beauty of scenery. The eye rests on ruins, on Pagan and Christ-

ian remains, without being able accurately to distinguish them; and a motive with the Turk for the preservation of the latter, has been, the improvements in the education of the children of a city, (founded by Prusias the meanest and most cruel of kings), by the establishment of a Lancasterian school by the Armenian missionaries, and the publication of school-books printed under their direction. Noble baths; boiling springs of water; springs, nay, rivers of water gushing from the sides of the mountain! On the whole you feel satisfied with your journey, not so much with respect to Broussa, as with whatever else you have seen.

Your Turkish ciceroni will show you where the ancient Greeks cast their cannon, (their *top khana*), when the *Genoese* had possession of the country, their mint, and a mass of ruins, (probably the palace of Prusias) which they have named the "old palace;" but this is all they know about them.

The modern history of Broussa, commences at the era of the Ottoman empire; and the old mosques, and the writings deposited in them, are evidences of the good taste which then prevailed among the barbarian invaders, that has not been excelled by their successors. The permission to continue the cross, and the sacred paintings in the Christian churches, gives the lie to history, and is a proof of their moderation and toleration.

Soon after my arrival in Broussa, the *musellim* sent me a present of seven sheep, a dozen fowls,

and a basket of fruit. This called for a *bacsth tasch* to the men who brought them ; but the present was very acceptable.

The ceremony of taking leave of the *musellim*, and the *bacsth tasch* to the attendants, were much the same as at the introduction. On this occasion, however, a person of deranged intellect, whom devout Turks delight to worship, was in the room. The poor creature was quite harmless, but appeared much pleased at the idea of having frightened, by his grimaces, the persons around him. I now take my leave of Broussa. Those who wish to know its history, I refer to Herodotus, Polybius, Strabo, Livy, and Gibbon. The same of Nicomedia, founded by the son of Prusias.

The morning after taking leave of the governor, we mounted our horses, and accompanied by his hakim bascha, a very polite and accommodating Italian gentleman, we crossed the plain, and in about two hours arrived at a Greek village, the name of which in Turkish, is *Dameertasch*, and in English, Iron-Stone town. Every town in this country has some significant appellation. For instance, *Buyucderè*, the great valley. *Yew Kieuy*, the new village. *Arnaut Kieuy*, the village where the Arnauts live. *Kadi-Kieuy*, the village of the judges, in allusion to the " Council of Chalcedon," or to those who decided in that council.

This village is celebrated not only for the quality of the silk it produces, but for the excellence of the manufacture. Most of the beautiful silk for which

Broussa is so famed, comes from this village. Silks fit to adorn the limbs of princesses, are here wove by the poor and miserable, though skilful Greek, and by machinery, that our country weavers would reject with scorn.

We breakfasted here in a Greek house, the family of which were poor, but for this country, every thing looked comfortable. The breakfast was prepared by the wife and her sister, two delicate, young and beautiful Greeks. The papa of the town, took his breakfast with us; and when he saw that bacsth tasch was to be distributed, he put in his claim and got twenty piasters. They were building a new church here, and it was on that account that the claim was made.

I was here made acquainted with a singular fact in the habits of the stork, which subsequent observation has fully confirmed, and that is that they are not known to build their nests on any houses but those of Turks. I have examined particularly into this matter, and can assure you positively of the fact. It may be accounted for by the quiet and indolent habits of the Turks, which will not permit them to make sufficient exertion to disturb any thing, while the fidgetty restlessness of the Greek, Armenian, and Jewish boys, will not permit any thing to rest. Besides, the Turks are very kind to birds. The swallow is permitted to build its nest in every part of their houses. The sea-gull in the harbour, will scarcely move out of the way of the oars, knowing they will not be injured by them; and the wild-

pigeon and the dove, will alight on the gunnel of their boats and the decks of their ships, to pick up the grains of wheat which have been scattered from the cargo. The stork, which I believe to be the ibis of the Egyptians, passes the winter to the south, and returns here in spring, in immense flocks for the purpose of building his nest and rearing his young. They appear to be harmless and affectionate birds. The Turks have indeed a kind of veneration for them, and dislike to see them injured, and they are rarely disturbed. Nothing can be kinder than they are to one another. They labor mutually in building the nest, in sitting on the eggs and feeding their young. On the return of one of the pair, after an absence in search of food, the one which remained at home, makes a most singular noise of recognition, sounding somewhat like a short continuation of a watchman's rattle. On alighting on the nest, they entwine their necks together in the most affectionate manner. The young ones are at this time about half grown. There are two in each nest; and it is quite amusing to see what care they take of them. The Turkish chimnies being covered, they build their nests on the tops of them. These interesting birds are useful in clearing the gardens and fields of reptiles.

Soon after leaving this village, which in its general appearance has an air of comfort greater than most of those we had previously passed through, we entered a valley on our ascent to the mountains, which here separated us from the gulf of Mudania.



At about eleven o'clock the heat became insupportable, and we stopped for about an hour at a small Turkish coffee-house on the road. Here we reposed on mats under a fine shady tree, until a breeze sprang up, when we continued our journey, which merits no particular notice, except from the excitement occasioned when we reached the summit of the mountains, and looked back over the splendid plain of Broussa. Olympus in all his magnificence in the back ground, and the city, like a beautiful little miniature picture, at its base; with its tiny and delicate white minarets, appearing not larger than a pipe-stem. The atmosphere was as clear as crystal; there was nothing to obstruct our view; the smallest objects were visible, and the scene altogether was rich and beautiful.

We soon reached a village called Moon-gazers Town, situated on the highest part of the range of mountains, the inhabitants of which from long custom, have been exempt from taxes of every kind, that they may look out for the moon at Bairam, and other festivals, and give notice accordingly at Constantinople. I know not why this village was selected in preference to any other for this object, but such is the fact, and I have observed that the Turks generally, have some reason for all they do.

We now descended to *Guemlick* at the head of the Gulf of Mudania. This is a very pleasant Greek town, which contains nine churches, a convent, and is the residence of a bishop. There are only fifteen or twenty Turkish families in the place. Near

this, is a navy-yard, where there is a line of battle ship, a frigate, and two brigs on the stocks. On entering the town, we crossed a small stream which discharges itself from the lake of Ascanius. Here we remained a short time, and indeed, intended to stop for the night, but discovered to our great annoyance, that the place was infested with Frank doctors, which occasioned us to take flight. They informed us that the small-pox was raging there, and that there were many deaths daily. I asked them why they did not vaccinate. The reply was, that a Russian physician, a fine young man, had been through there some time since, who understood vaccinating extremely well, that he employed his skill on the children of the town, and that it had taken beautifully, but that unfortunately, in consequence of the impurity (or rather I should say, *purity*) of the matter, they had all died; and left the disease which now rages in the place. It is a sad thing to mistake the small-pox matter for the vaccine. It happened some time since, in our own country, and the consequences were melancholy. But here it does not appear that there was any mistake. The villain left work behind for his brother *chips*, and they followed in his wake to profit by it.

It was now between two and three o'clock, and we determined to put on, to a place called *Bazar Kieuu*, said to be distant three hours. The people in this country always count distances by hours, calculated at about three miles to the hour. For this reason you can never ascertain what is the true

distance. I have always noticed that in the morning, when we and our horses were fresh, the distances given to us appeared to be remarkably short; and in the latter part of the day, when men and horses were all fatigued, remarkably long. In this case, the three hours stretched themselves intolerably.

On leaving the town, we ascended the mountain by a wretched road, running by the side of the most beautifully cultivated plain we had yet seen, and which owes its fertility chiefly to the small stream which passes through it, as before mentioned, from the Lake of Ascanius, on which Nice is situated.

This plain is filled with beautiful plantations of the mulberry for the use of the silk-worm, and small vineyards. Not a foot of earth appears to be lost, and no fences or enclosures separate them.

We passed some ancient ruins from which a small rivulet gushed out, and a quarry, where we saw some sculptured stone, not yet entirely separated from the mass. They appeared to be of ancient date. One had on it, what appeared to be, a mirror, a cup, and a ball.

The ascent from here was exceedingly fatiguing, as the hills were steep and the roads very bad. We were told we should see the lake, but hill after hill, and mountain after mountain were passed over, and yet nothing of it appeared. We had given it up in despair, when, ascending a steep ridge, which appeared like an immense dam thrown across from one range of high mountains to the other, the lake

in its whole extent, and the beautiful plain which surrounds it, studded with handsome villages, appeared in full view; the lake distant to appearance about six miles. Our three hours had now elapsed, but no *Bazar Kieuy* appeared, or any other village, that lay on the road we had to travel. We were hungry, jaded and fretted. We had been on horseback between ten and eleven hours, and had ate nothing since the morning; of course we were a little impatient, especially as we found that Mustapha had never travelled the road before. It had been invariably our custom during the journey, when we found him at fault respecting the road, to commence sounding him by interrogations, which annoyed him excessively, as he never could be brought to acknowledge his ignorance; therefore, to avoid answering our questions, whenever he found himself at a loss, he was sure to keep ahead of us more than ear-shot distance. Mustapha now kept well ahead. Another thing in Mustapha was, that he would sooner have lost himself and the whole party together, than admit his ignorance for an instant, by making inquiry of any one on the road.

We passed a grave-yard, quite an extensive one. Of the village which once helped to fill it, not a vestige remained. We travelled along the foot of a range of mountains through a well-cultivated country. Nothing was to be seen except what appeared to be a cavalcade, several miles distant to the right. Night was approaching,—the sun was down. We met a man and a boy. Mustapha passed them in

silence, but nevertheless slackened his pace to know what answers they would make to our inquiries. One of them said the place was an hour, the other half an hour distant. Soon after this, we saw a town on the side of the mountain, about six or seven miles off, which Mustapha said was *Bazar Kieuy*. This was provoking, and the composure of Mustapha made it still more so. Mustapha having now corrected his reckoning, had no dread of our inquiries, and he had a happy way of slurring over his answer and parrying the question. "Well, Mustapha, what o'clock do you suppose it is now?" "Oh, there is no use in knowing, for that won't change the hour; and it would be foolish to look at the watch, for that won't make the time of our arrival longer or shorter." "Mustapha, how many miles is it to the village?" "Why, if I tell you, it will not shorten the road; therefore there is no use in asking the question." "This is a very bad road you have brought us, Mustapha." "True, the road is very bad indeed, but I did not make the road, it was God that made it."

In this way, to pass the time, we would sometimes pester Mustapha, and test his ingenuity. He had made up his mind that we must go to *Bazar Kieuy*, and that *some time* that night would be the time of our arrival; and time gone is of no sort of consequence. They act up to the Spanish proverb that, "by gaining time, something is gained." We should have been rejoiced to place our weary bodies in a horizontal position, even in the dirty cow pens

which we rejected at *Domans Kieuy*, but Mustapha was determined on *Bazar Kieuy*. In the dusk of the evening, on turning a projecting point, there appeared a snug, comfortable looking village, not more than a quarter of a mile off. "Oh, Mustapha," we exclaimed, "*there is a nice village*," laying a particular emphasis on *there*, to signify that we should be very glad to stop at it. But no. Mustapha took the hint, but had no idea of stopping. "*Nice, very nice village*," said he; "Padi Scha has got *nice* villages all over his dominions, *choke, choke*," (very great numbers,) swinging his arm round him with great gravity. This was too bad,—but we let him take his own course.

We entered *Bazar Kieuy* at about eight o'clock at night, guided by Mustapha. We stopped at a large house where he desired us to remain until his return. In about a quarter of an hour, he returned with an order from the *Kadi*, that we were to be accommodated where we were. It was a Turkish house, and belonged to the *Kahya*, or second officer of the village. The room in which we were to sup and sleep was large, the floor covered with carpets, and cushions placed round the sides. There were no chairs nor any other furniture.

Not having ate any thing all day, we wished to make use of our provisions, and go to bed; but Mustapha, who was delighted beyond measure at his success in getting such fine accommodations for us, in a Turkish house too, and even within hearing of the voices from the harem,—would not agree

that our provisions should be touched. "The *Kadi* has ordered that every thing should be provided for you ; the *Kadi* and the *Kahya*, would both be very much mortified if you ate your own food." "But, Mustapha, we are hungry, and want to go to bed." "It can't be help'd, must wait supper. Nothing to be paid here, no *bacsth tasch* ; the *Kaya* would feel insulted, if I were to offer him a *bacsth tasch*." "Well, Mustapha, manage matters your own way, for manner's sake." "That is right, *Elché Bey*, let me manage all."

Supper came.—I don't think I have ever described to you a Turkish meal. My journey is nearly at an end, have a little patience, and I will describe our supper.

A small square rush-bottomed seat of one foot high, and of equal width, and breadth, is laid on one of its sides. A round tinned copper waiter of about three feet in diameter, slightly turned up at the edge, is then set thereon, containing as follows : first, a circle of brown bread in slices, placed closely together, and extending round the whole circumference. Secondly, on this circle of brown bread, is placed sundry wooden spoons, fit for no ordinary mouth ; for none but an extraordinary one would admit their entrance. Thirdly, in the centre, a vessel containing soup of rice and certain herbs, floating among which, may be detected on close scrutiny, cubical particles of fat, which on closer inspection and inquiry, will be found to have belonged to the hinder and broad extremity of a kind of sheep pe-

culiar to the east. Fourthly, a vessel containing *Kaimar*, heretofore described. Fifthly, a plate containing salad cut up with onions, and floating in oil and vinegar. Sixthly, sundry queer looking things in the form of fritters, compounded of mutton, flour, honey, and oil; one taste of which was sufficient. Seventhly, a plate of rice or pilau, of which the aforesaid fat broad tail made a component part.

These were not all served up at the same time, but only as many as could be conveniently placed on the waiter at once. Around the whole, on the carpet, was thrown a long and narrow, and in this instance rather dirty napkin, for the use of the guests, who are seated on the floor or the cushions, as best suits them.

The long handled wooden spoons were now brandished, and the affair of the soup was soon finished, each one sticking to his own side of the dish, and the spoons were dismissed as no longer of use.

The bread was the vehicle which conveyed the *kaimac* to the mouth, and the fingers those of the salad, fritters, &c. The matter was despatched in one fourth of the time that I have been occupied in telling you about it.

Water was brought to wash the hands and mouth. We took a cup of muddy coffee, smoked a pipe, which is indispensable before and after you do any thing, and then went to bed. Mustapha, who was delighted, came to congratulate us on our excellent



fare and lodgings, and whispered slyly, that the supper had been prepared by the ladies of the harem.

In the morning, we took breakfast with our kind host, consisting of bread and honey, and after many thanks for his kindness and attention, and *choke salams* for the *kadi*, as well as an invitation to visit me at Kadi Kieuy, we took our leave. At this instant, Mustapha whispered to Mr. Goodell, that he had not money enough, by forty piasters, to pay the master of the house, and asked him to let him have them, as he did "not like to trouble *Elché Bey* with such trifles." We heard no more from Mustapha of the hospitality of the *Kahya* of *Bazar Kieuy* for the rest of the journey.

To shorten a long story, after crossing a range of mountains, we arrived at a village called *Yalloah*, on the Sea of Marmora, whence we dismissed Mustapha in charge of the horses, to pass the gulf of Nicomedia higher up. We then took passage with the baggage at twelve o'clock, in one of the boats of the country, and arrived at *Kadi Kieuy* at sunset. The next day in the afternoon, Mustapha arrived with the horses.

We were absent eleven days, and it has rarely happened that a journey on horseback of such extent, has been made with so few unpleasant incidents, and on which persons enjoyed themselves so much as we did. I had no other object than that of gratifying my curiosity. Mr. Goodell had a more noble one, that of encouraging the establishment of schools for the improvement of the rising genera-

tion, and I trust that he has given an impulse to this, wherever he has been, that will hereafter be found highly beneficial.

Yours truly.

P. S. I have just been informed that the leaf of the Koran is in Arabic.

TRANSLATION  
OF THE  
GOVERNOR OF NICOMEDIA'S LETTER.

This is to make known to all Agás, Kadis, Voyvodes, and other persons in authority, between Ismit and Broussa, to whom these presents shall be shown, that H. E. the Chargé d'Affaires of the United States of America; by supreme permission and by special firman, wishes to proceed to Broussa; consequently, in whatever place he may tarry under your control, you are ordered to receive him with all the hospitality which his rank demands, and to treat him with all possible respect suitable to his station, affording every assistance and protection, to enable him to arrive in tranquillity and safety at the place of his destination.

You must take all possible care of him, and in passing him on in safety, from one to the other, you will act in conformity with the intention of this order, which it is your duty to fulfill.

(Signed)      MUSTAPHA TAHIR,  
Musselim, and Intendant of the Imperial  
Ship Timber.





